QUESADA 2022 PANOSIAN

BLACK TAPE

"**BLACK TAPE** highlights the best of horror, heavy metal, and takes us on a journey through 1960s Los Angeles while attempting to uncover what happened to the rock 'n' roll legend."
~ Fangoria

Dan Panosian

Dalibor Talajić

Ive Svorcina

AWA

Before rock 'n' roll legend Jack King died, he recorded one last song.
People are dying to hear it.

AWA presents

BLACK TAPE

Dan Panosian
Writer

Dalibor Talajić
Artist

Ive Svorcina
Colorist

Steve Wands
Letterer

Series covers by
Dan Panosian

Collection cover by
Joe Quesada and **Dan Panosian**

AWA @AWA_studios @awastudiosofficial @awastudiosofficial awastudios.net

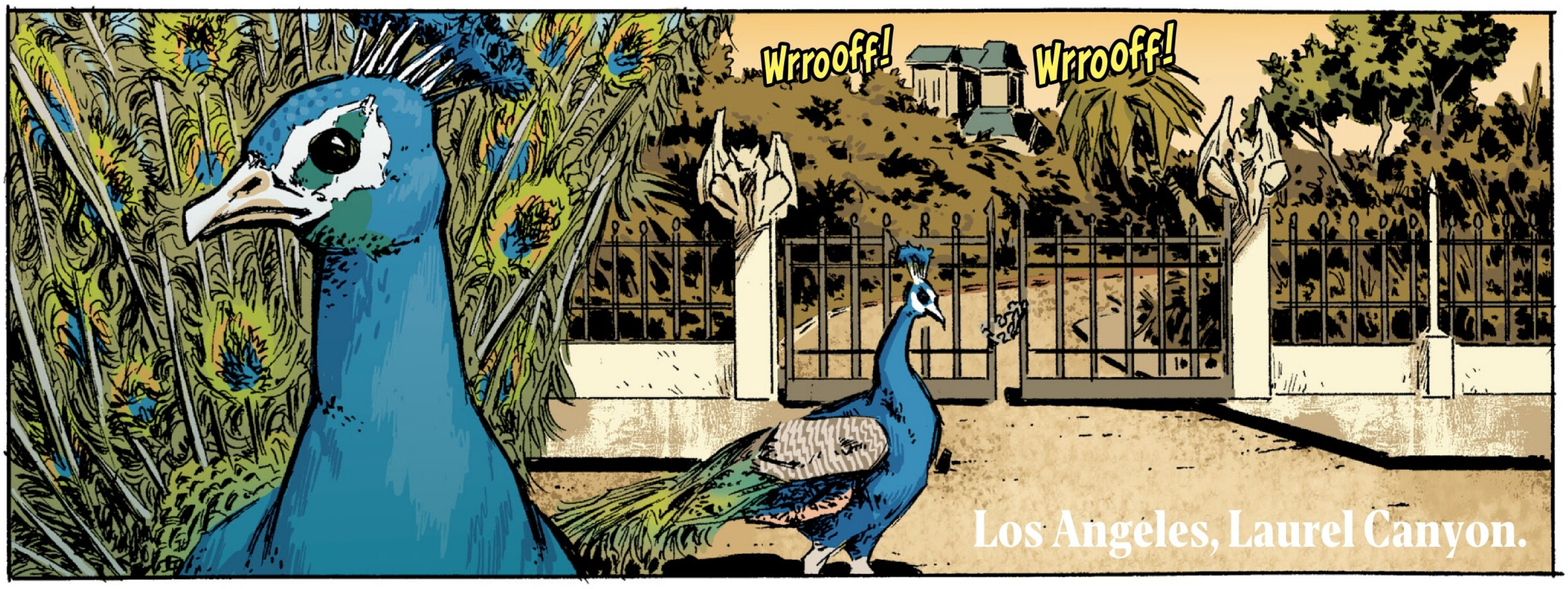
PANOSIAN

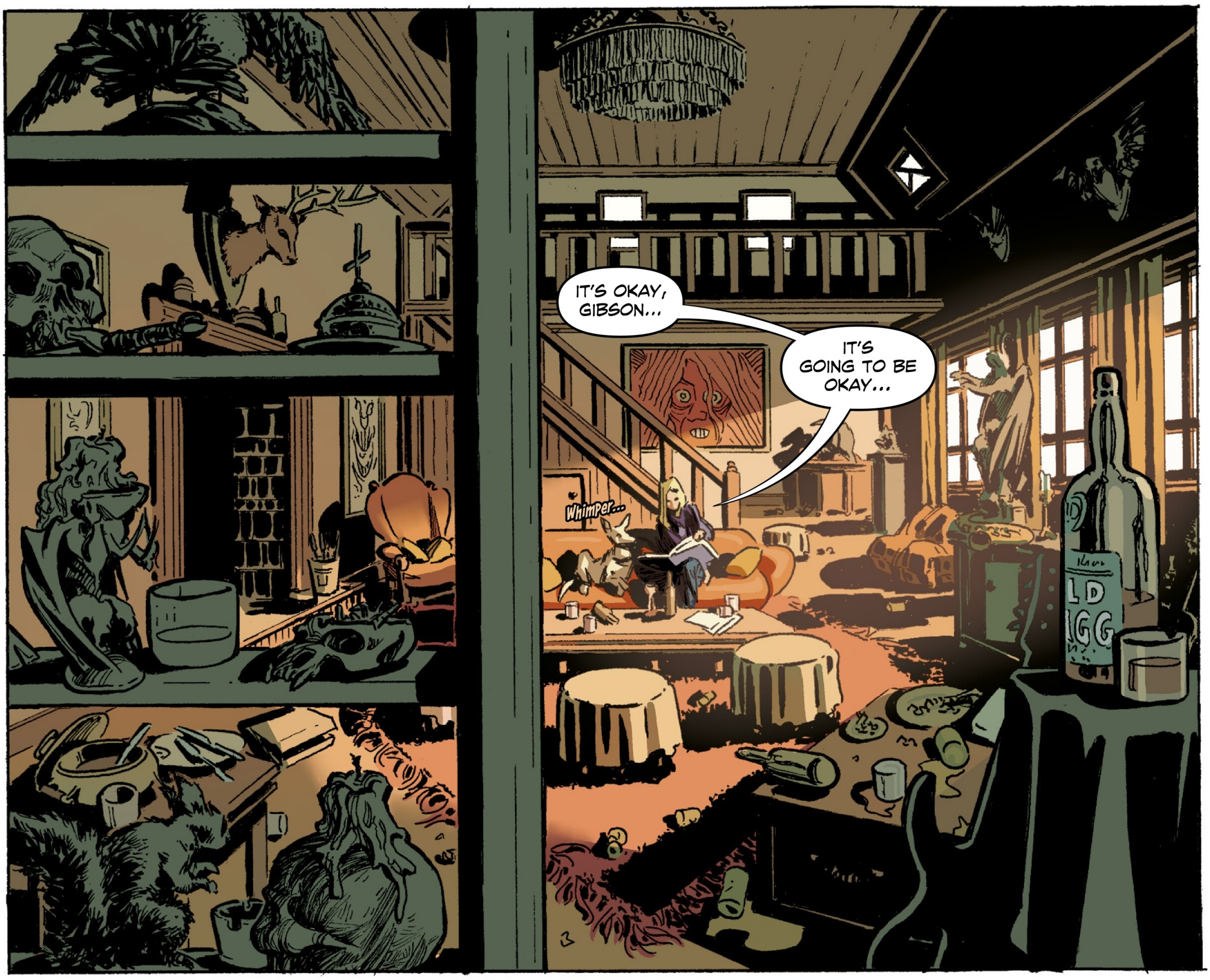
“Someone I loved once gave me a box full of darkness. It took me years to understand that this too, was a gift.”--Mary Oliver.

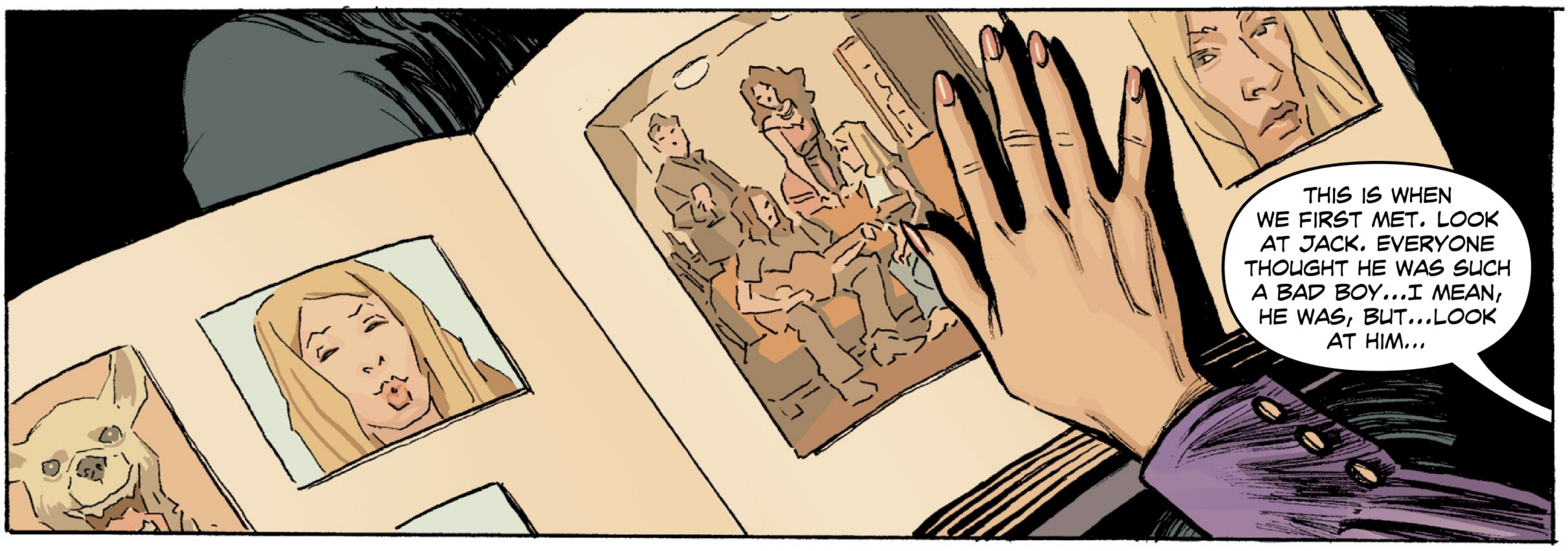
Detroit, 1973.
JACK
K NG

JACK'S SLAYING IT, CINDY! WHO WOULD'VE GUESSED MARRIAGE WOULD SUIT JACK SO WELL? WHAT KIND OF SPELL HAVE YOU CAST OVER HIM?
YOU'RE HIS MANAGER, DON'T YOU KNOW ALL OF HIS DEEP DARK SECRETS?
I DO. AND TRUST ME, THAT'S A BURDEN YOU WANT NO PART OF!
TILT

OLD STAG
GAME OVER


Wrrooff!
Wrrooff!
Los Angeles, Laurel Canyon.


IT'S OKAY, GIBSON...
IT'S GOING TO BE OKAY...
Whimper...

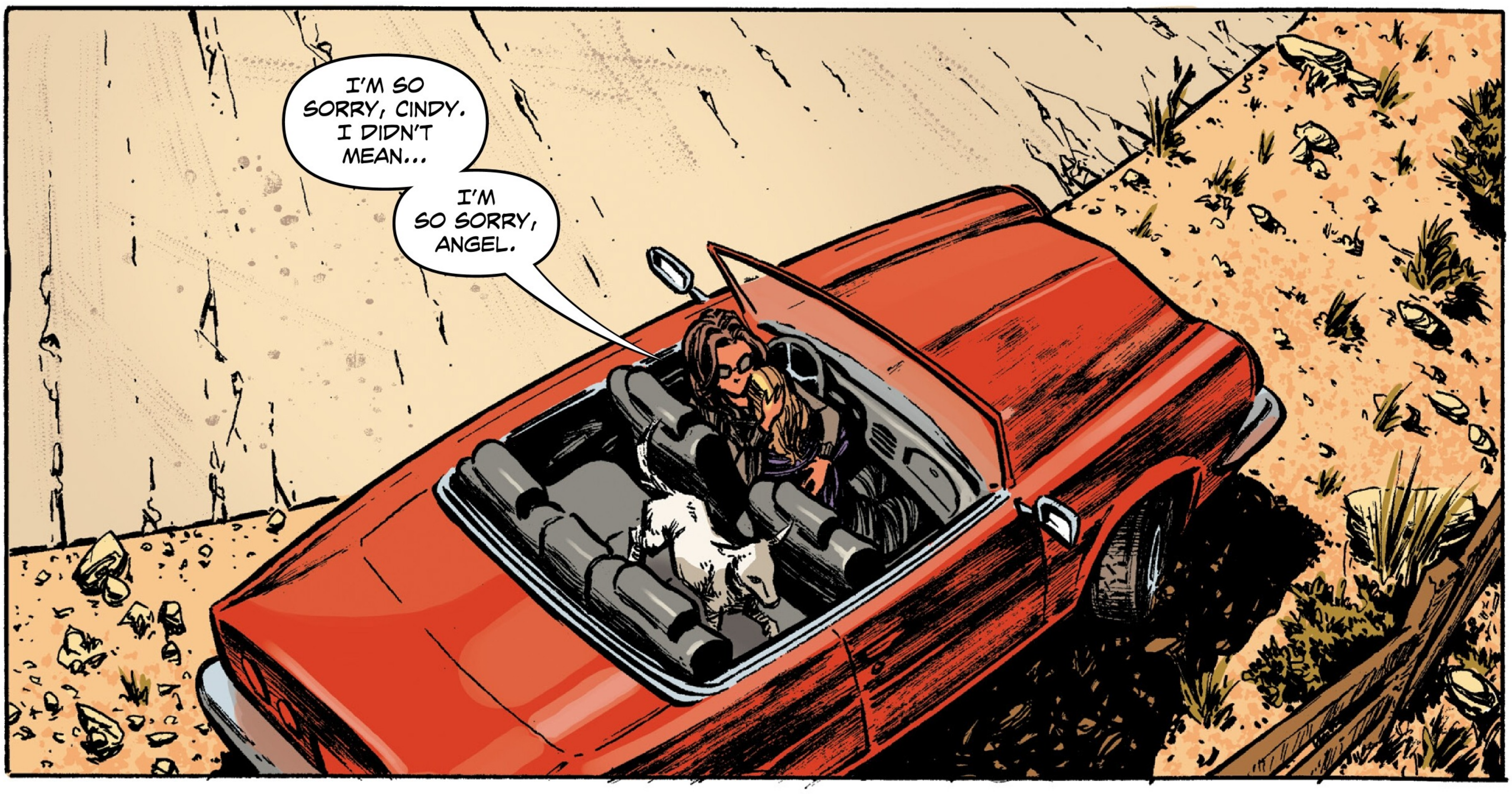

THIS IS WHEN WE FIRST MET. LOOK AT JACK. EVERYONE THOUGHT HE WAS SUCH A BAD BOY...I MEAN, HE WAS, BUT...LOOK AT HIM...

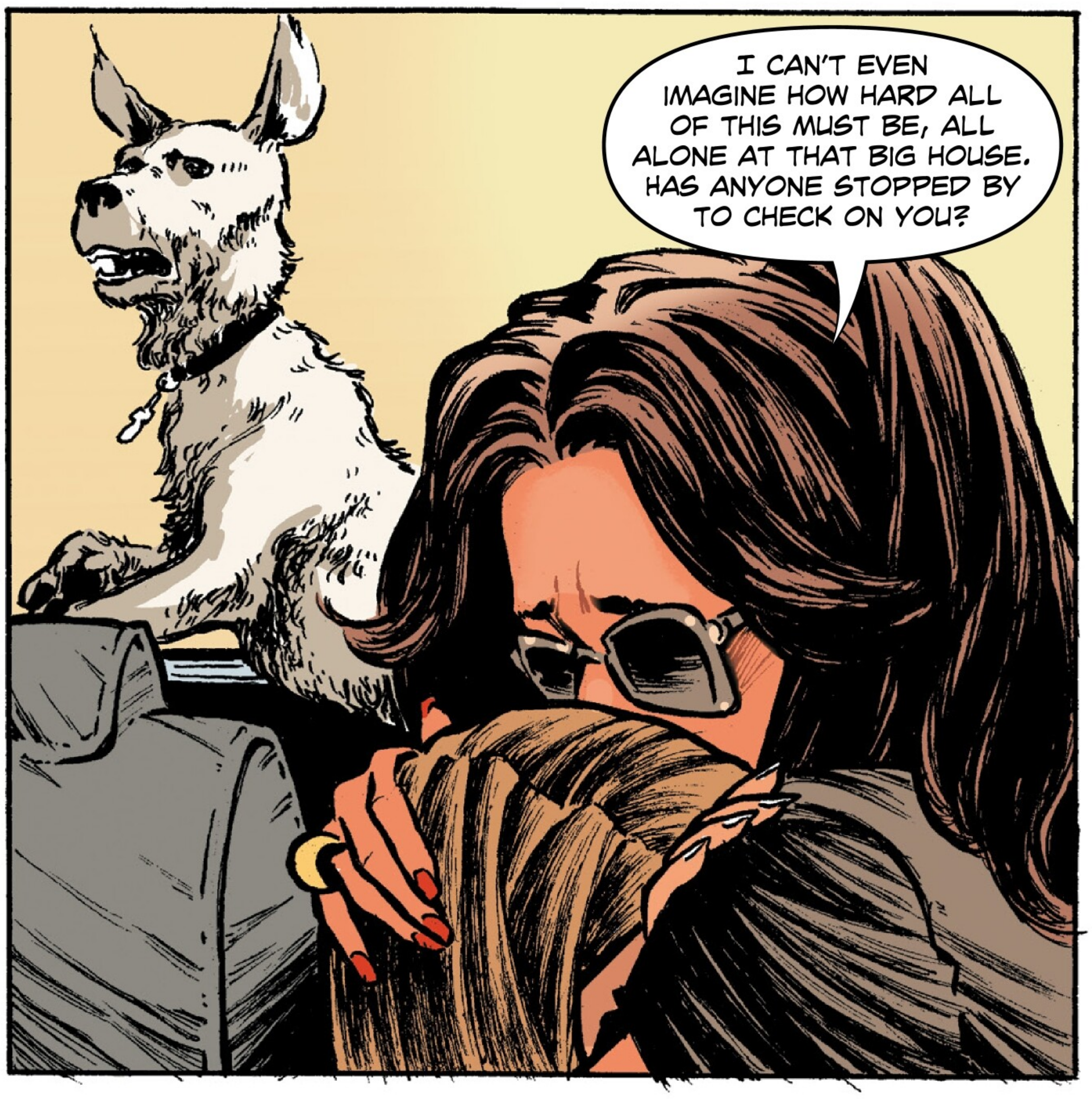
WE WERE TOGETHER A HEARTBEAT AND THEN BOOM! WE'RE MARRIED! THIS IS FROM THE HONEYMOON...I STILL CAN'T PRONOUNCE THAT ISLAND OR THE DRINKS WE HAD.
PIZZA
HERE HE IS WORKING ON...THE NEW ALBUM. WRITING. I TOOK THAT PHOTO.
THAT'S US TOASTING TO THE SONG HE JUST WROTE. HE CUT MY HAND BY ACCIDENT WITH THAT STUPID AX GUITAR AND THEN DECIDED TO CHRISTEN OUR WINE WITH IT.
"BLOOD IS THE WINE OUR HEARTS DRINK!" HE SAID. JACK WAS A ROCK GOD, BUT HE WAS REALLY A POET, GIBSON.
THIS RECORD WAS GOING TO BE DIFFERENT FROM HIS OTHERS. A WHOLE NEW DIRECTION.
AND JACK DIDN'T WANT LUCAS FORTUNE TO PUBLISH IT. ***WE*** WERE GOING TO PUBLISH IT.
TOGETHER.
US.
WELL, I MEAN, ***HE*** WAS. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO MAKE THAT KINDA STUFF. I WENT TO SCHOOL TO BE A NURSE--BUT THEN I MET JACK. I WAS GOING TO PAINT THE ALBUM COVER. A LOT OF BLACK.
HE LOVED EVERYTHING PRETTY DARK. ANY FLOWERS HAD TO BE BLACK ROSES WITH LOTS OF THORNS, HE SAID.
SNIFF

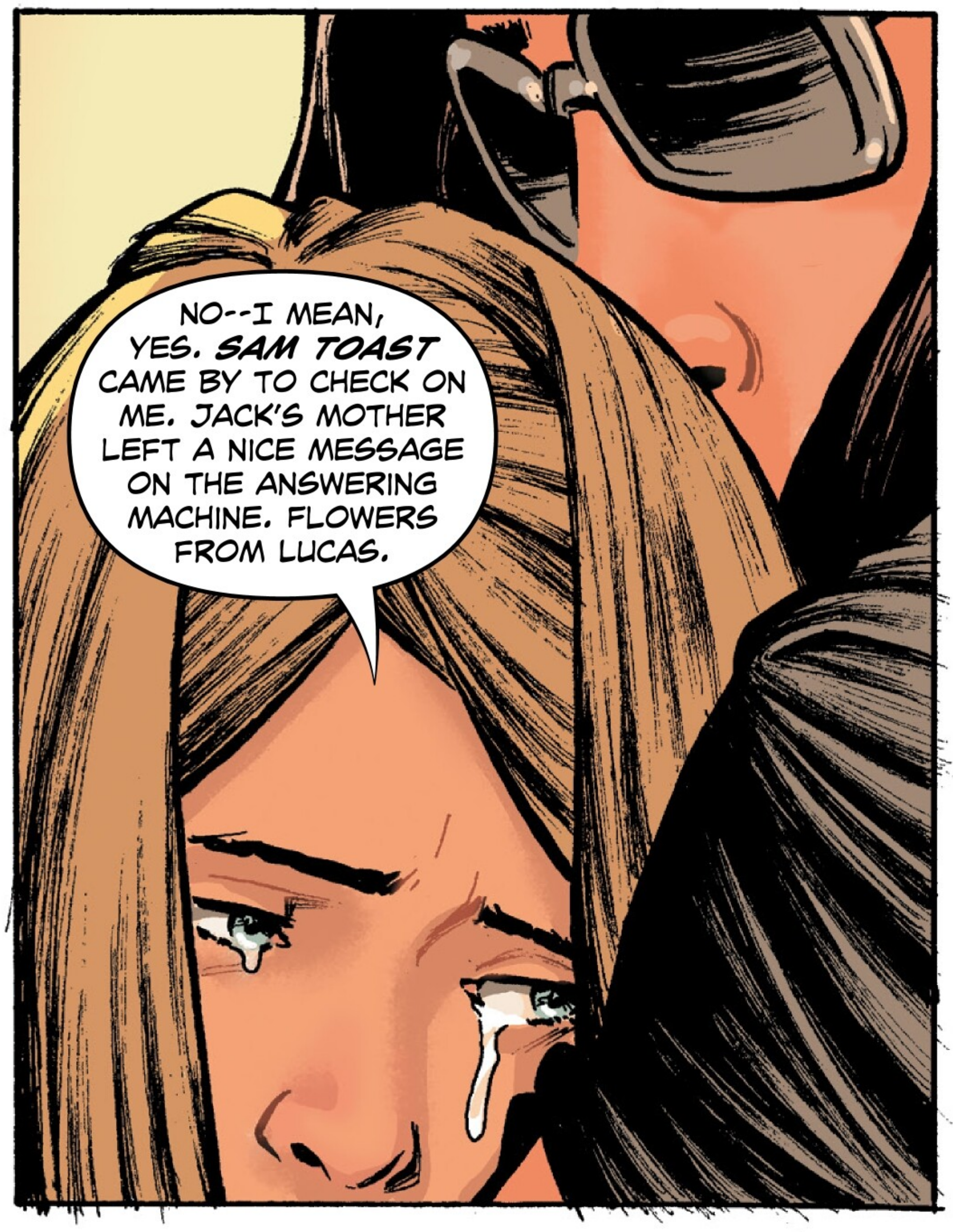
HE NEVER FINISHED THE ALBUM, GIBSON. BUT THAT'S OKAY. HE WAS FINISHED WITH REVELATION RECORDS AND MR. FORTUNE. THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS. WE WERE MOVING FORWARD. TOGETHER.
CLAP
HONK HONK
Wruffff! Wrufff!
WE'RE RUNNING LATE. LET'S SPEED IT UP, LITTLE LADY!
SORRY...!
Pizza
THE DOG, TOO? IT'S GONNA BE A "NEGATIVE" ON THAT ONE. LUCAS DOESN'T ALLOW DOGS IN HIS CAR. YOU KNOW THAT.
I HOPE IT'S OKAY JUST THIS ONCE, FRANK. HE WAS JACK'S DOG, TOO...

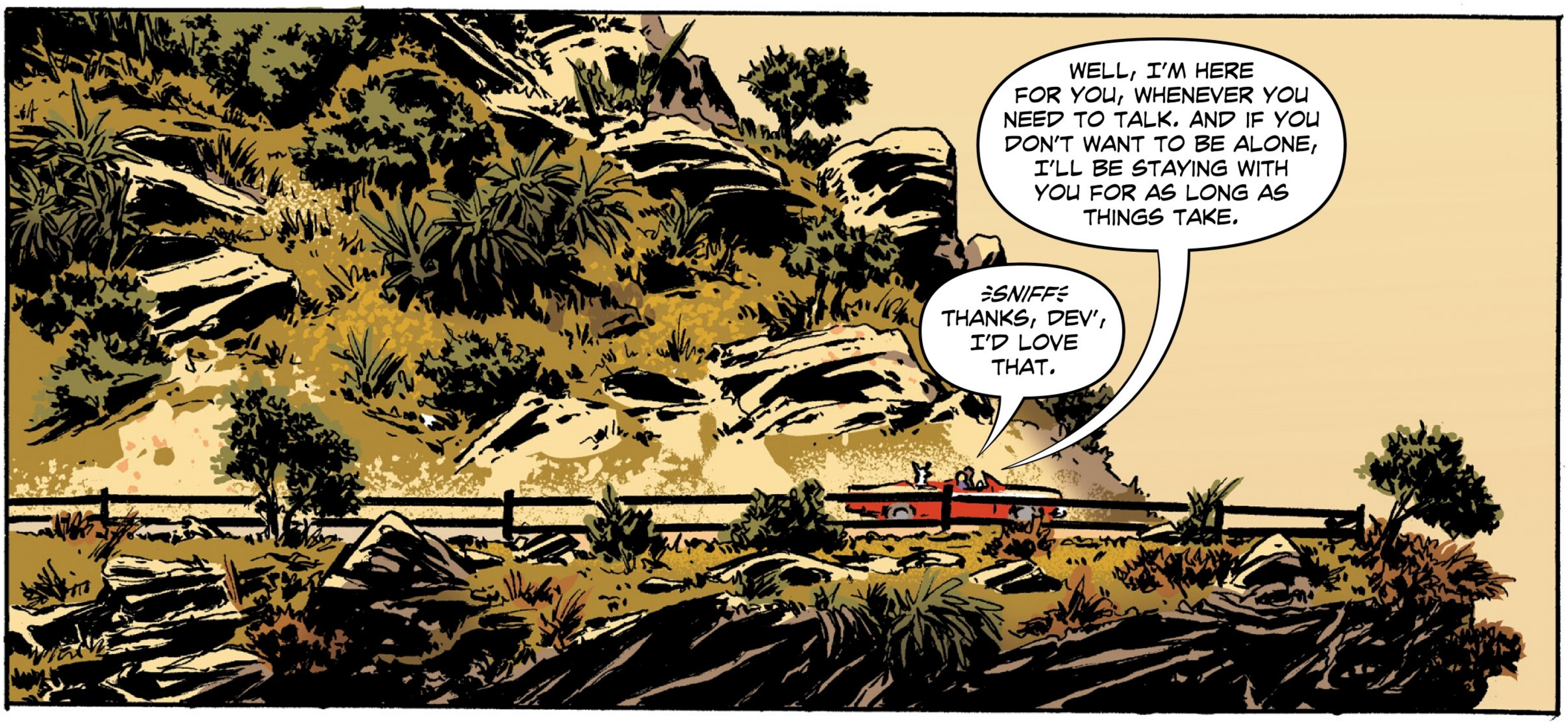
DEVENEY...
VRRROOOOm
I GOT THIS, FRANK.
HOP IN, CINDY.
WOULD IT BE OKAY IF I RIDE WITH HER? YOU KNOW, BECAUSE OF GIBSON?
YOU KNOW HOW TO GET THERE, RIGHT? NO STOP OFFS.
HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, WHERE ALL THE FAMOUS PEOPLE ARE BURIED...? YEAH, I THINK I CAN MANAGE, FRANK.
VRRROOOOMMM

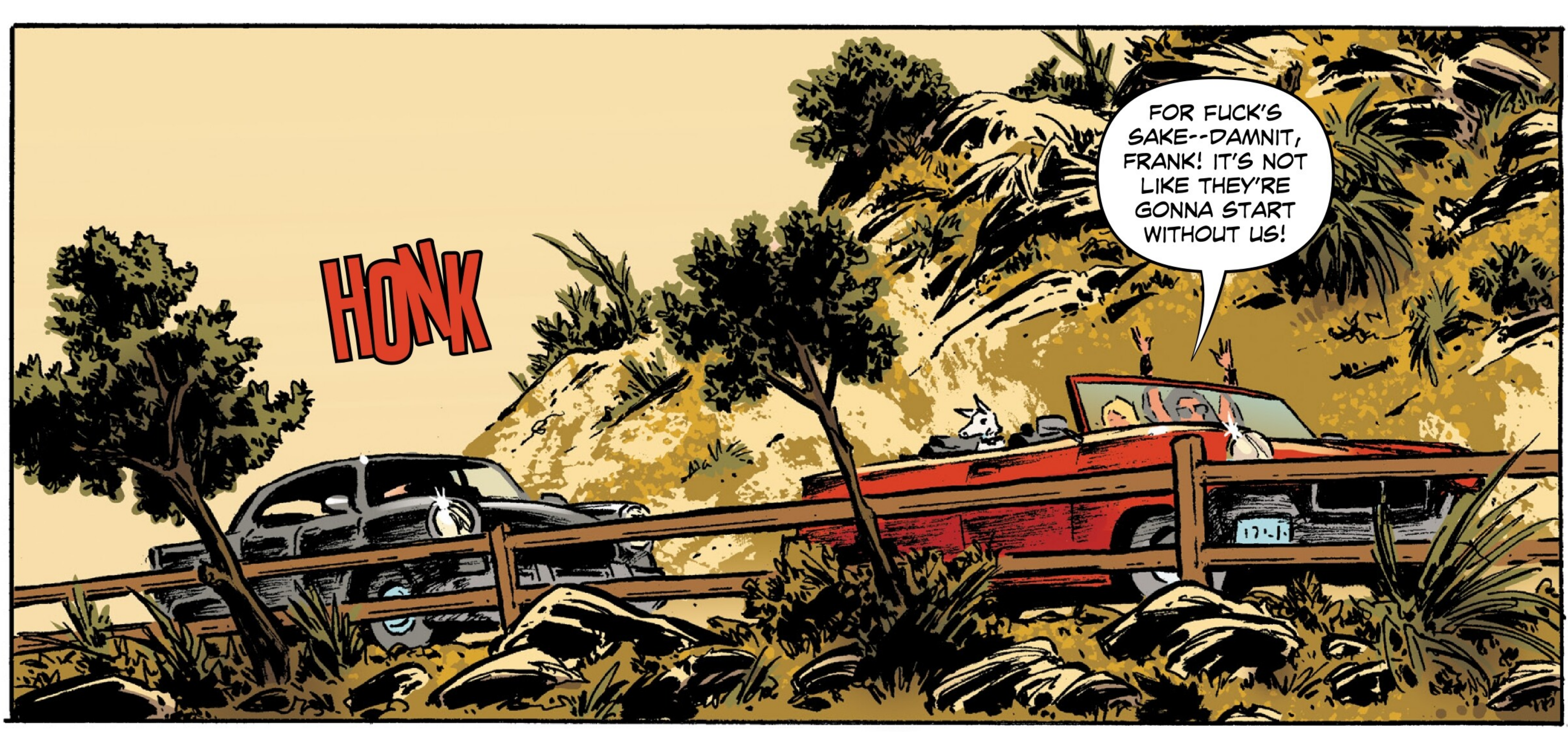
WOW--THAT FRANK. WHAT A PIECE OF WORK HE IS, RIGHT?
BUT HOW'RE YOU DOING? I'M SO SORRY I DIDN'T SHOW UP SOONER--L.A. TRAFFIC'S SUCH A MESS, MUCH WORSE THAN FLORIDA.
DON'T WORRY, WE'LL GET THERE JUST FINE. I COULDN'T LET YOU RIDE THERE ALL BY YOUR LONESOME, BABE.
THAT'S WHERE WE ALL MET, FLORIDA, RIGHT? SEEMS LIKE FOREVER AGO. CRAZY WHEN ONE YEAR FEELS LIKE AN ETERNITY. BUT THAT'S LIFE WITH JACK...
OH...I...
SCREEEEEEEEEEECH

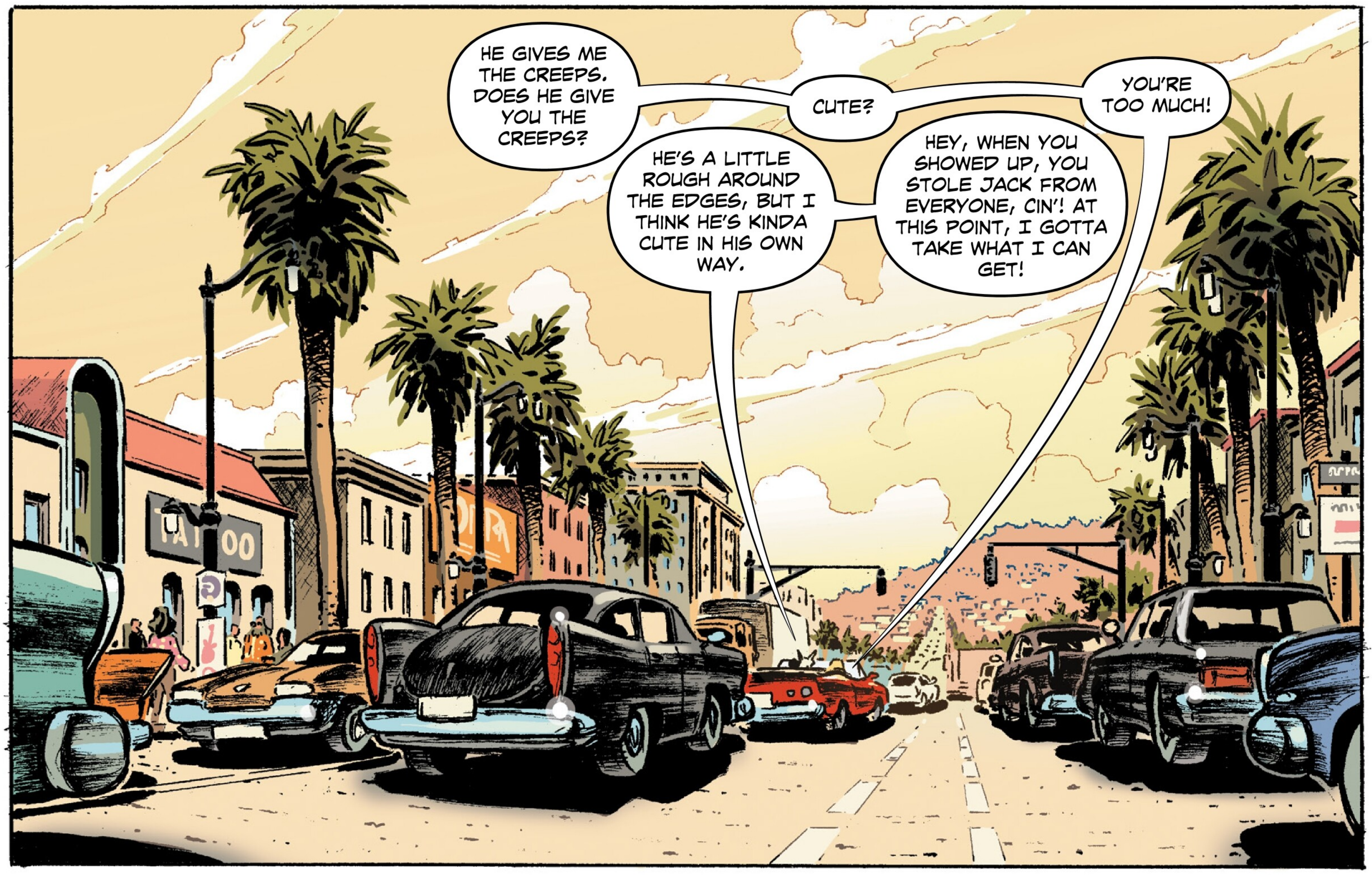

I'M SO SORRY, CINDY. I DIDN'T MEAN...
I'M SO SORRY, ANGEL.

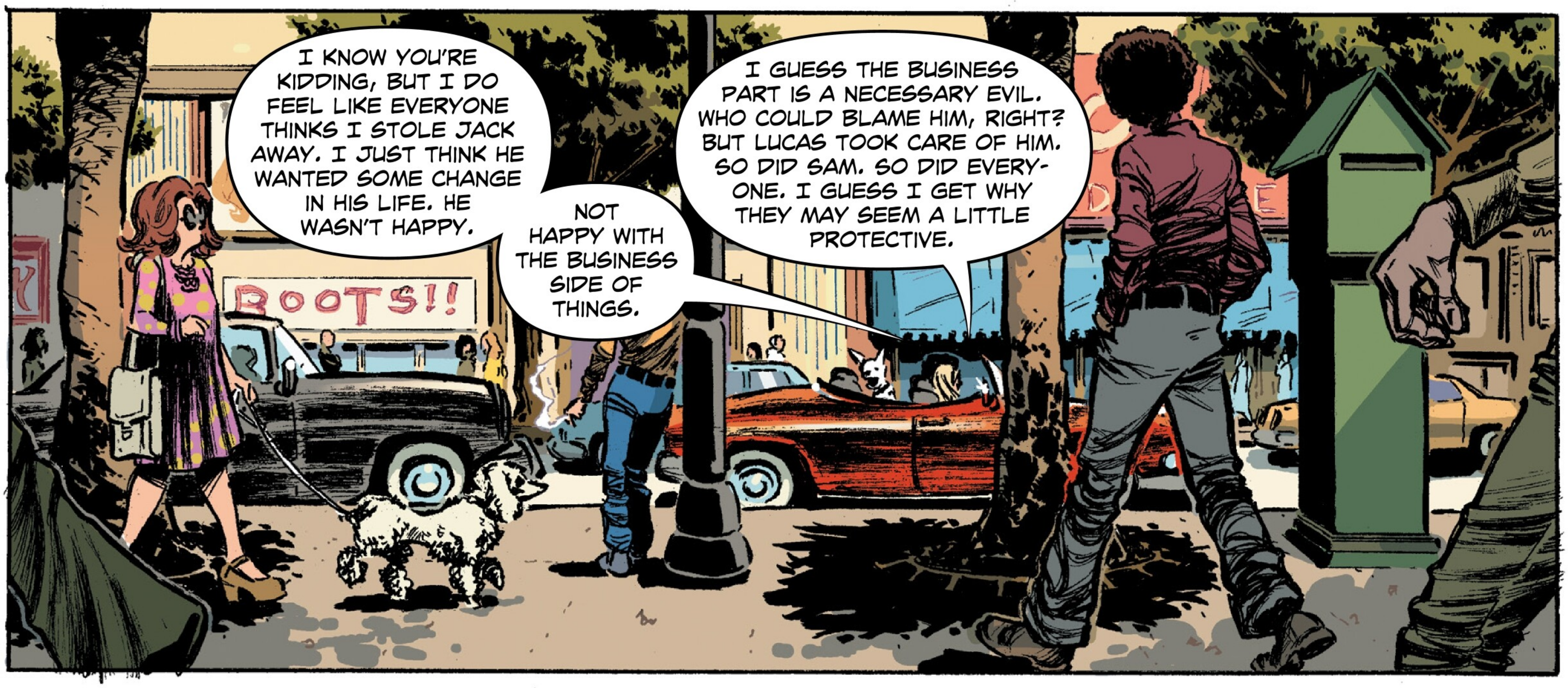

I CAN'T EVEN IMAGINE HOW HARD ALL OF THIS MUST BE, ALL ALONE AT THAT BIG HOUSE. HAS ANYONE STOPPED BY TO CHECK ON YOU?


NO--I MEAN, YES. ***SAM TOAST*** CAME BY TO CHECK ON ME. JACK'S MOTHER LEFT A NICE MESSAGE ON THE ANSWERING MACHINE. FLOWERS FROM LUCAS.


WELL, I'M HERE FOR YOU, WHENEVER YOU NEED TO TALK. AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE, I'LL BE STAYING WITH YOU FOR AS LONG AS THINGS TAKE.
SNIFF THANKS, DEV', I'D LOVE THAT.


HONK
FOR FUCK'S SAKE--DAMNIT, FRANK! IT'S NOT LIKE THEY'RE GONNA START WITHOUT US!


HE GIVES ME THE CREEPS. DOES HE GIVE YOU THE CREEPS?
HE'S A LITTLE ROUGH AROUND THE EDGES, BUT I THINK HE'S KINDA CUTE IN HIS OWN WAY.
CUTE?
HEY, WHEN YOU SHOWED UP, YOU STOLE JACK FROM EVERYONE, CIN'! AT THIS POINT, I GOTTA TAKE WHAT I CAN GET!
YOU'RE TOO MUCH!

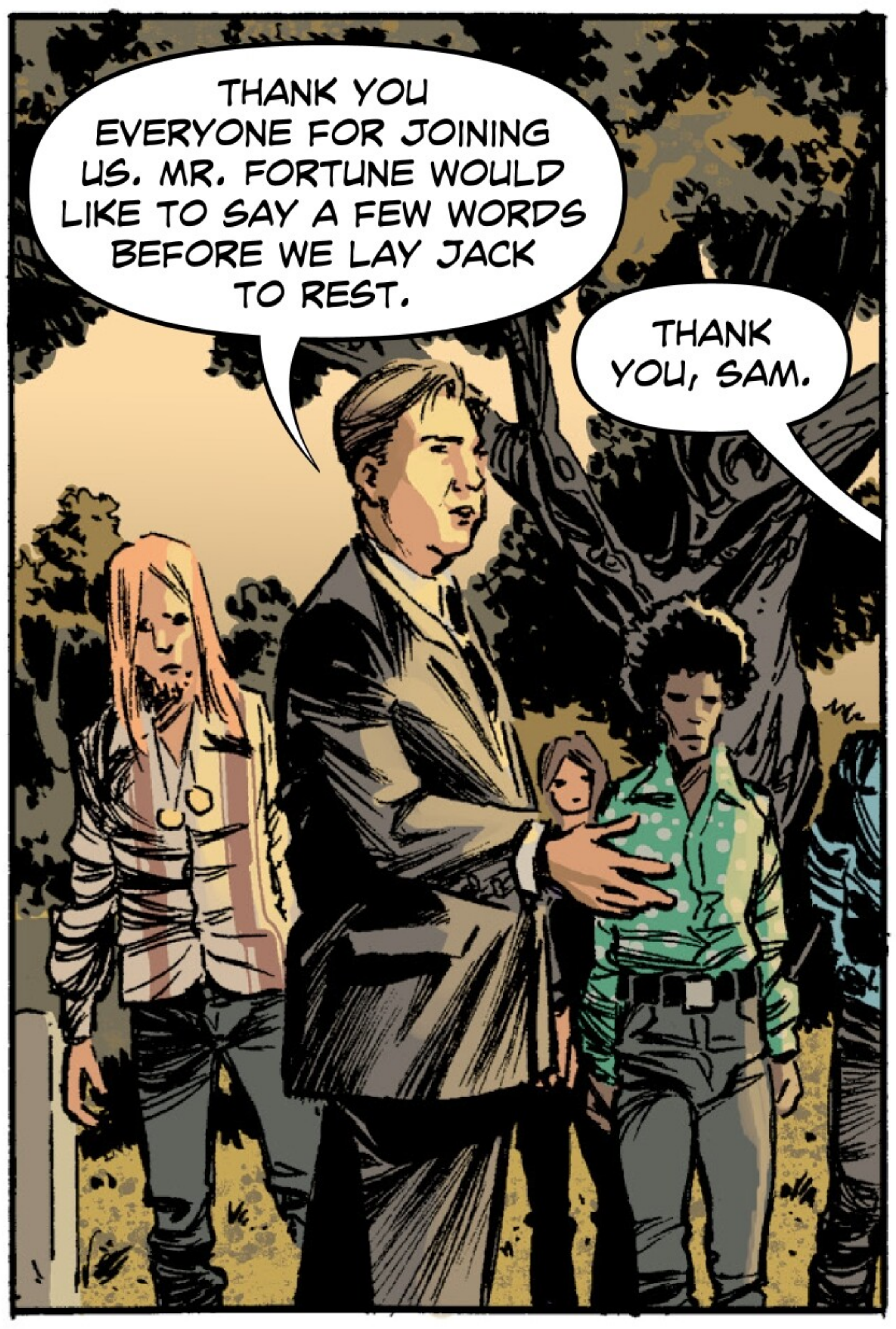

I KNOW YOU'RE KIDDING, BUT I DO FEEL LIKE EVERYONE THINKS I STOLE JACK AWAY. I JUST THINK HE WANTED SOME CHANGE IN HIS LIFE. HE WASN'T HAPPY.
NOT HAPPY WITH THE BUSINESS SIDE OF THINGS.
I GUESS THE BUSINESS PART IS A NECESSARY EVIL. WHO COULD BLAME HIM, RIGHT? BUT LUCAS TOOK CARE OF HIM. SO DID SAM. SO DID EVERYONE. I GUESS I GET WHY THEY MAY SEEM A LITTLE PROTECTIVE.
BOOTS!!

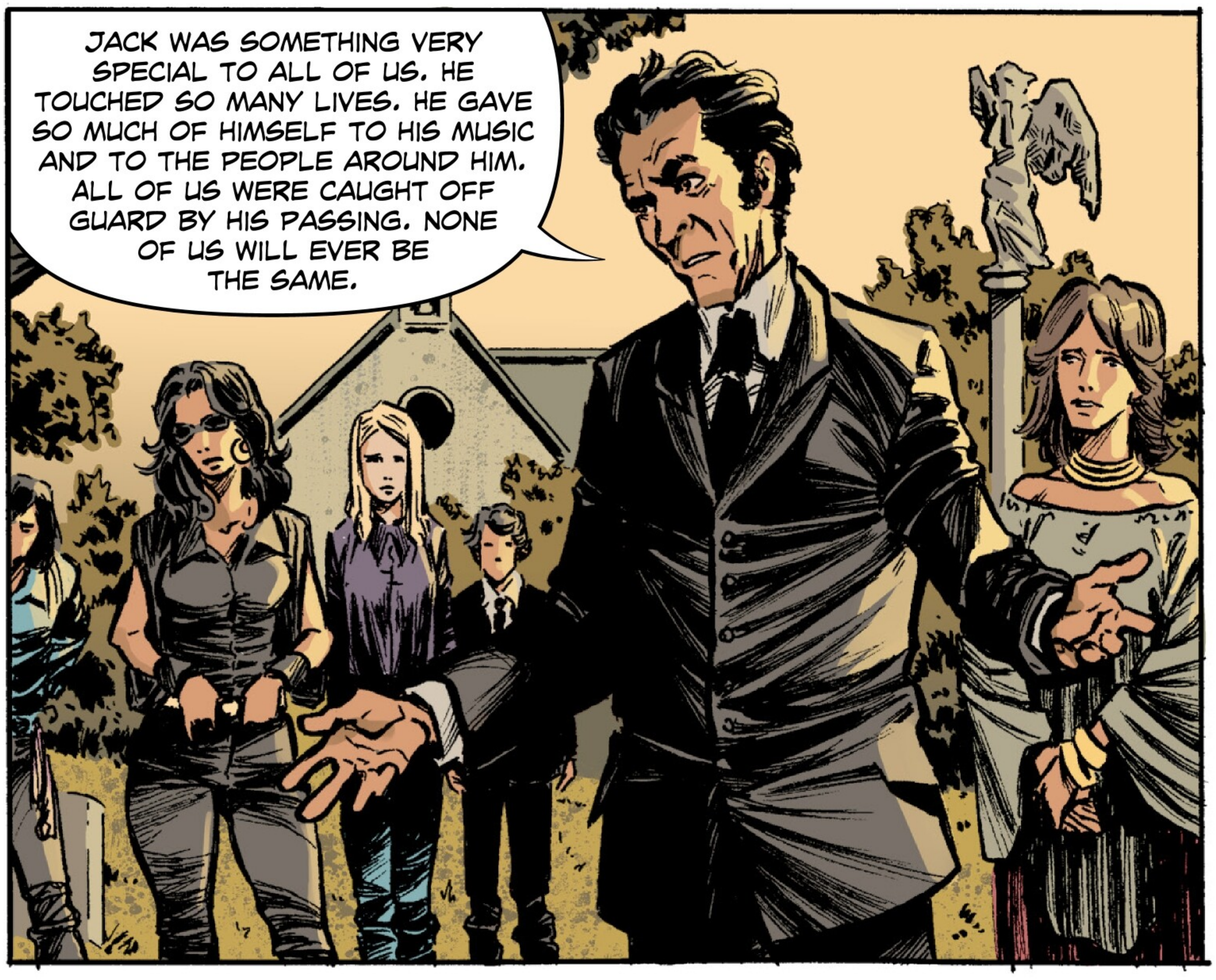
JUST SO YOU KNOW, IT'S A CLOSED SERVICE. JUST JACK'S PARENTS, SAM, LUCAS, HIS WIFE, THE BAND, AND SOME PEOPLE FROM REVELATION RECORDS. NICE AND COZY. NO PRESS OR FANS.
I'VE ONLY MET JACK'S PARENTS ONCE. IS LUCAS' WIFE NICE?
ABBY, NICE? SURE. SHE'S NICE. NICE LOOKING, TOO.
WOULD YOU MIND STAYING CLOSE? I FEEL LIKE I COULD JUST CRUMBLE RIGHT NOW.
OF COURSE. I GOT YOU, HON'.

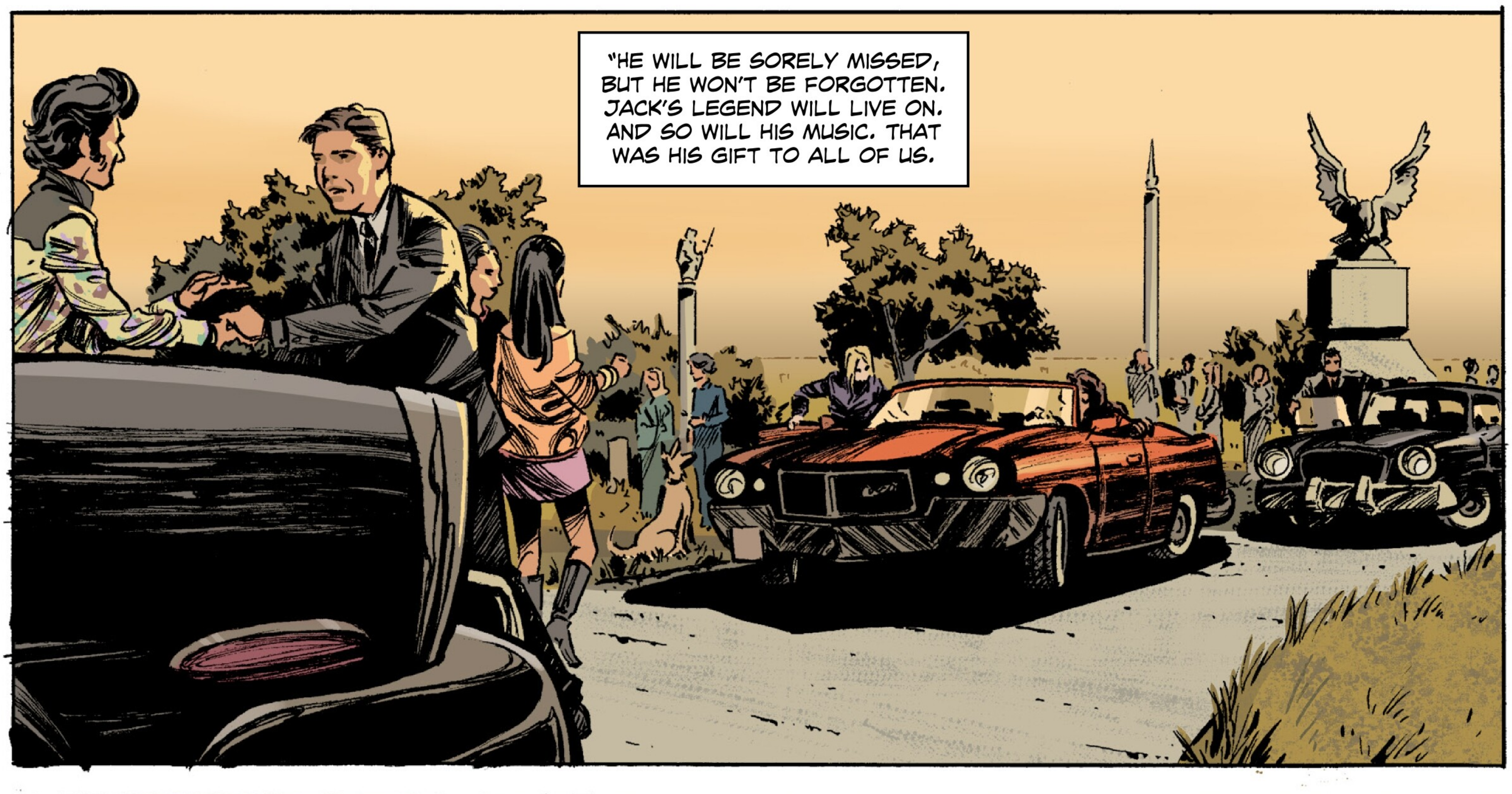
CINDY-DARLING, COME HERE! EVERYONE'S WAITING FOR YOU.
IT'S OKAY, CINDY. IT'S OKAY.
I'LL BE RIGHT HERE THE WHOLE TIME. YOU'RE WITH FAMILY NOW.
THANK YOU, SAM. SORRY, IT ALL JUST HIT ME AGAIN.
COME HERE, CINDY. YOU KNOW JACK'S PARENTS, DOROTHY AND DAVE. I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY WIFE, ABBY.
COME HERE, YOU POOR THING!

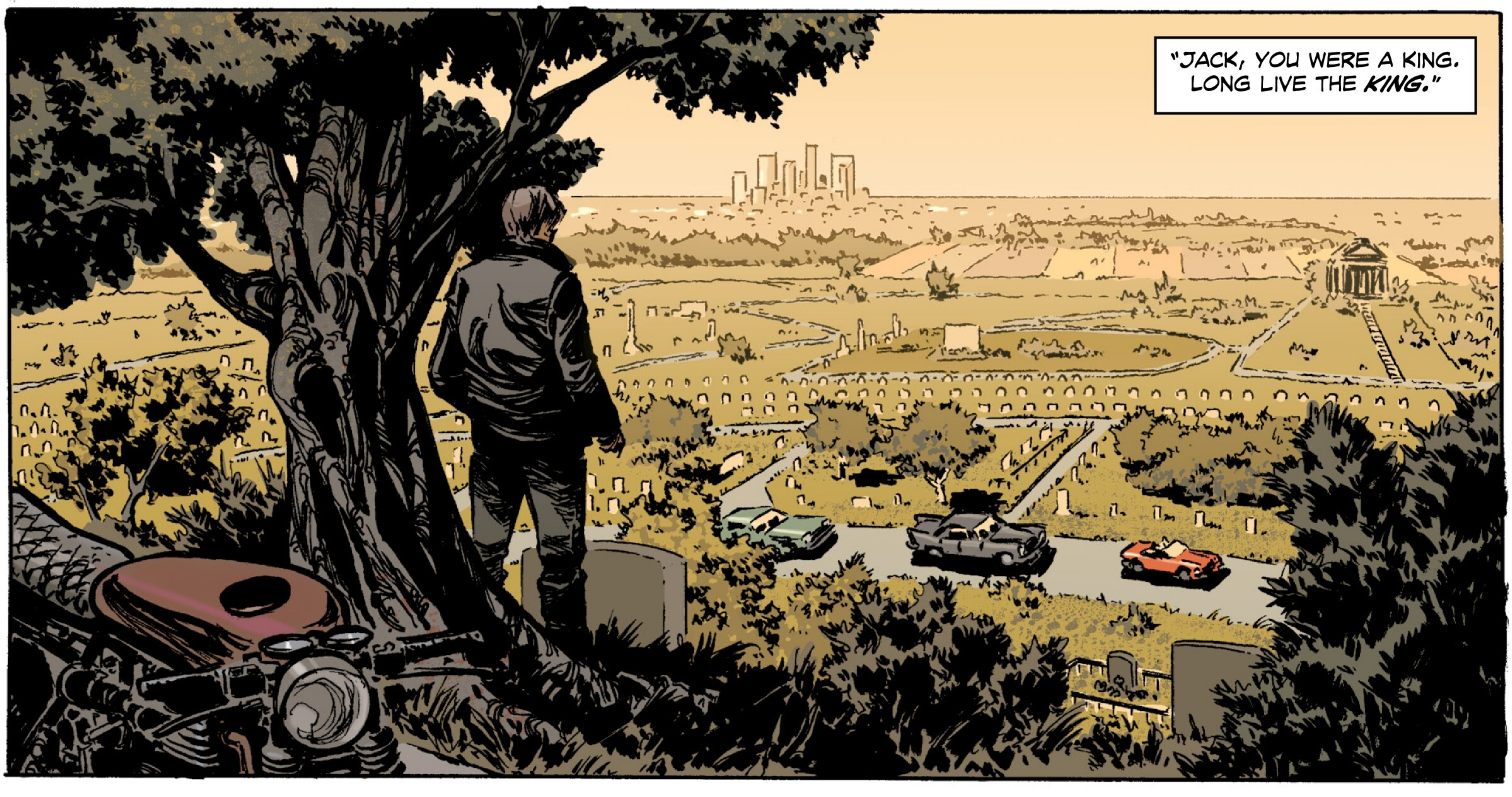
WHY IS CODY HERE, FRANK? THIS IS A GODDAMN FUNERAL FOR OUR JACK.
NO RESPECT.
MAKE HIM GO AWAY.
PAYING MY RESPECTS.
FUCK YOUR RESPECTS. PAY THEM OUTSIDE THE GATE. YOU GOT TEN SECONDS BEFORE THEY START DIGGING ANOTHER HOLE IN THE GROUND.

TEN SECONDS? YOU MUST LIKE ME.
EIGHT SECONDS, SPORT.
BE SEEING YOU, FRANK.
WHO'S THAT?
JACK'S OLD BODYGUARD. LUCAS FIRED HIM A WHILE BACK, I THINK. I DON'T REMEMBER THE WHOLE STORY, BUT I'M SURE HE HAD A GOOD REASON. HE'S DEFINITELY NOT WELCOME, I KNOW THAT MUCH.
HE'S BAD NEWS, CINDY. BUT DON'T WORRY, WE'LL MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T BOTHER YOU.


THANK YOU EVERYONE FOR JOINING US. MR. FORTUNE WOULD LIKE TO SAY A FEW WORDS BEFORE WE LAY JACK TO REST.
THANK YOU, SAM.


JACK WAS SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL TO ALL OF US. HE TOUCHED SO MANY LIVES. HE GAVE SO MUCH OF HIMSELF TO HIS MUSIC AND TO THE PEOPLE AROUND HIM. ALL OF US WERE CAUGHT OFF GUARD BY HIS PASSING. NONE OF US WILL EVER BE THE SAME.


"HE WILL BE SORELY MISSED, BUT HE WON'T BE FORGOTTEN. JACK'S LEGEND WILL LIVE ON. AND SO WILL HIS MUSIC. THAT WAS HIS GIFT TO ALL OF US.


"JACK, YOU WERE A KING. LONG LIVE THE *KING.*"

NO ONE TOLD ME EVERYONE WAS COMING BACK TO THE ESTATE? THE HOUSE IS A MESS... I DON'T HAVE ANY FOOD...I WASN'T PREPARED TO...
NO ONE TOLD YOU ANYTHING? MAYBE LUCAS PLANNED THIS WAY AHEAD OF TIME...
NO! NO ONE TOLD ME ANYTHING. WHO *ARE* THESE PEOPLE?!?!
I RECOGNIZE A BUNCH OF THEM FROM THE ROAD. I KNOW IT'S ROUGH TO HAVE THEM IN HERE, BUT I DON'T THINK WE'RE GONNA BE ABLE TO GET THEM OUT.
BEST WE CAN DO IS HAVE A DRINK. YOU MAY NOT HAVE ANY FOOD PREPARED BUT IF I KNOW JACK, THERE'S PLENTY TO DRINK...!
WE'LL GET THROUGH THIS ***TOGETHER.***
ALTHOUGH HONESTLY, THIS IS, LIKE, TYPICAL JACK. THIS HOUSE WAS HOME TO EVERYONE AROUND HIM. IT'S LIKE HE'S STILL HERE. HE WOULD HAVE LOVED THIS. I KNOW HE WOULD HAVE.

DEVENEY, THIS IS TOO MUCH, I CAN'T--
ALRIGHT, IT'S GONNA BE OKAY, LEMME SETTLE THEM DOWN A BIT.
HEY GUYS, COOL IT DOWN A BIT SOME, HUH?
CINDY!

WE HAD HOPED TO SEE YOU AGAIN UNDER BETTER...CIRCUMSTANCES. IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU NEED, PLEASE DON'T HESITATE--JUST ASK MR. FORTUNE.
YES, HE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU. OUR SON TRUSTED HIM WITH EVERYTHING, DEAR.
JACK WAS SOMETHING ELSE. HE WAS...HE WAS GREAT.
YEAH.
HE WAS A FUCKING LEGEND. YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A LEGEND, RIGHT?
I KNOW, I MEAN, THANK YOU. I--
SORRY, CINDY. IF YOU NEED ANYTHING, Y'KNOW, ASK LUCAS.
SO SORRY, I'M CRYING AGAIN...
OF *COURSE* YOU ARE. LOOK, I KNOW YOU AND DEVENEY ARE TIGHT, BUT IF YOU NEED TO TALK--REALLY TALK--*I* WASN'T A GROUPIE, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
THANK YOU, YOU'RE... SO SWEET. I...
MY HUSBAND IS ALWAYS THERE FOR YOU. LUCAS LOVED JACK LIKE A SON. WE ALL DID. NOW LET ME POUR YOU ANOTHER DRINK.

I'LL BE BY IN THE MORNING. I HAVE SOME **GOOD NEWS** FOR YOU. LUCAS WANTS TO PUBLISH THE RECORDINGS JACK WAS WORKING ON. HIS FANS WILL EAT IT UP AND IT CAN BE OUR WAY OF HELPING THEM GRIEVE. US, TOO...
RING IF YOU NEED ANYTHING, OKAY?
THESE PILLS. THESE PILLS WILL HELP TAKE THE EDGE OFF, SWEETHEART.
WHAT **ARE** THEY?
THEY'RE LITTLE ELVES. CALL THEM MAGIC HELPERS. LORD KNOWS THEY'VE HELPED ME PLENTY.
WE'RE STILL FAMILY.
REMEMBER THAT, CINDY.
BYE, LOVES! BUT MAYBE READ THE ROOM BETTER NEXT TIME, YEAH?
SURE, SORRY DEVENEY...
OH MY GOD! I THINK THAT'S EVERYONE. I THOUGHT THEY WOULD NEVER LEAVE.

IN THE FUTURE...RUN THESE THINGS BY ME. YOU SHOULD HAVE SAID SOMETHING.
SORRY, HON. I...THEY DIDN'T WANT TO OVERWHELM YOU.
LOOK AT THIS PLACE! IT'S A DISASTER.
I'LL HELP CLEAN UP IN THE MORNING. IT'LL BE LIKE NONE OF THIS HAPPENED!
GOODNIGHT, DEV.
"THIS SONG, THIS SONG ISN'T FOR REVELATION RECORDS. LUCAS DOESN'T GET THIS ONE. REMEMBER THAT, CINDY."
I REMEMBER, JACK. I REMEMBER.

Wrrooff! Wrrooff!
THAT'S JUST PEOPLE LEAVING. IT'S ONLY A REFLECTION, GIBSON.
SEE? NOTHING THERE.

WESTERN
EMBASSY
ULHOLLAND DR.
SS
PANOSIAN

"We didn't know what woke us--just cold moving, lighter than our breathing.
"The world bound by an icy ligature, our house was to the bat a warmer...
"...a hollowness that now it could not leave. I screamed for you to do something.
"So you killed it with the broom, cursing, sweeping the air. I wanted...
"...you to do it. Until you did." --Claudia Emerson

JACK...!
CINDY.
JACK, I THOUGHT YOU WERE--
GONE? I DECIDED NOT TO CONTINUE THE TOUR. I TOLD YOU I'M DONE. I'M THROUGH WITH IT ALL. THROUGH WITH REVELATION RECORDS. THROUGH WITH LUCAS FORTUNE AND HIS PLANS FOR ME. I'M DOING THE PLANNING FROM NOW ON. FOR US.
YOU'RE ALL THAT MATTERS NOW.
YOU'VE MADE ME AN HONEST MAN AND YOU'RE NEVER GETTING RID OF ME.

I WOULD RUN, IF I WERE YOU.
JACK, YOU'RE HURTING ME...!
RUN, CINDY.
RUN!
Wrrooff! Wrrooff!
Wrrooff! Wrrooff! Wrrooff!
LITTLE HELPERS, YOU AREN'T HELPING...

YOU LOOK LIKE HELL. DID YOU SLEEP AT ALL?
NOT WELL... I STAYED UP TOO LATE.
EAT SOMETHING. YESTERDAY WAS A LOT TO GO THROUGH. YOU NEED TO TAKE BETTER CARE OF YOURSELF. I TRIED TO CLEAN UP A BIT, BUT...WELL, YOU KNOW JACK'S FRIENDS. THEY'RE WILD ANIMALS.
THANKS, DEVENEY. REALLY. IT'S ALL...
...IT'S A BIT MUCH. I STILL FEEL LIKE JACK'S HERE. LIKE IN THE HOUSE. EVERYWHERE I LOOK.
I CAN ONLY IMAGINE. I'M SORRY. MAYBE WE SHOULD GET OUT FOR A BIT.
THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA. MAYBE THE LIBRARY?

THE LIBRARY? WHY?
I JUST WANTED TO LOOK INTO SOME THINGS.
LOOK INTO WHAT THINGS?
WELL, CHECK OUT SOME PEOPLE. MAYBE SOME NEWSPAPERS. SEE IF I KNOW THEM OR NOT.
NOT SURE I FOLLOW YOU, BUT OKAY--IT'LL BE GOOD TO GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE. LET'S SPLIT.
"TELL YOU WHAT, I DON'T WANT TO PRY, BUT I WAS IN A JUNIOR JOURNALIST CLUB BEFORE FOLLOWING THE BAND AROUND THE COUNTRY. I'M AN ACE WHEN IT COMES TO RESEARCHING."

HERE'S A LIST OF...*SIX NAMES.* NAMES OF GIRLS.
ANY CLUE WHO THEY WERE? WERE THEY FRIENDS OF JACK'S? I DON'T RECOGNIZE ANY OF THESE NAMES AND I KNEW PRETTY MUCH ALL OF THE GIRLS JACK KNEW.
SORRY...
NOT AT ALL. PLEASE. I'M SORRY. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY WE'RE HERE. I JUST...
I'M NOT EVEN GONNA ASK. I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DIG UP!
OKAY...LET'S FIND OUT WHAT THESE SYMBOLS MEAN...

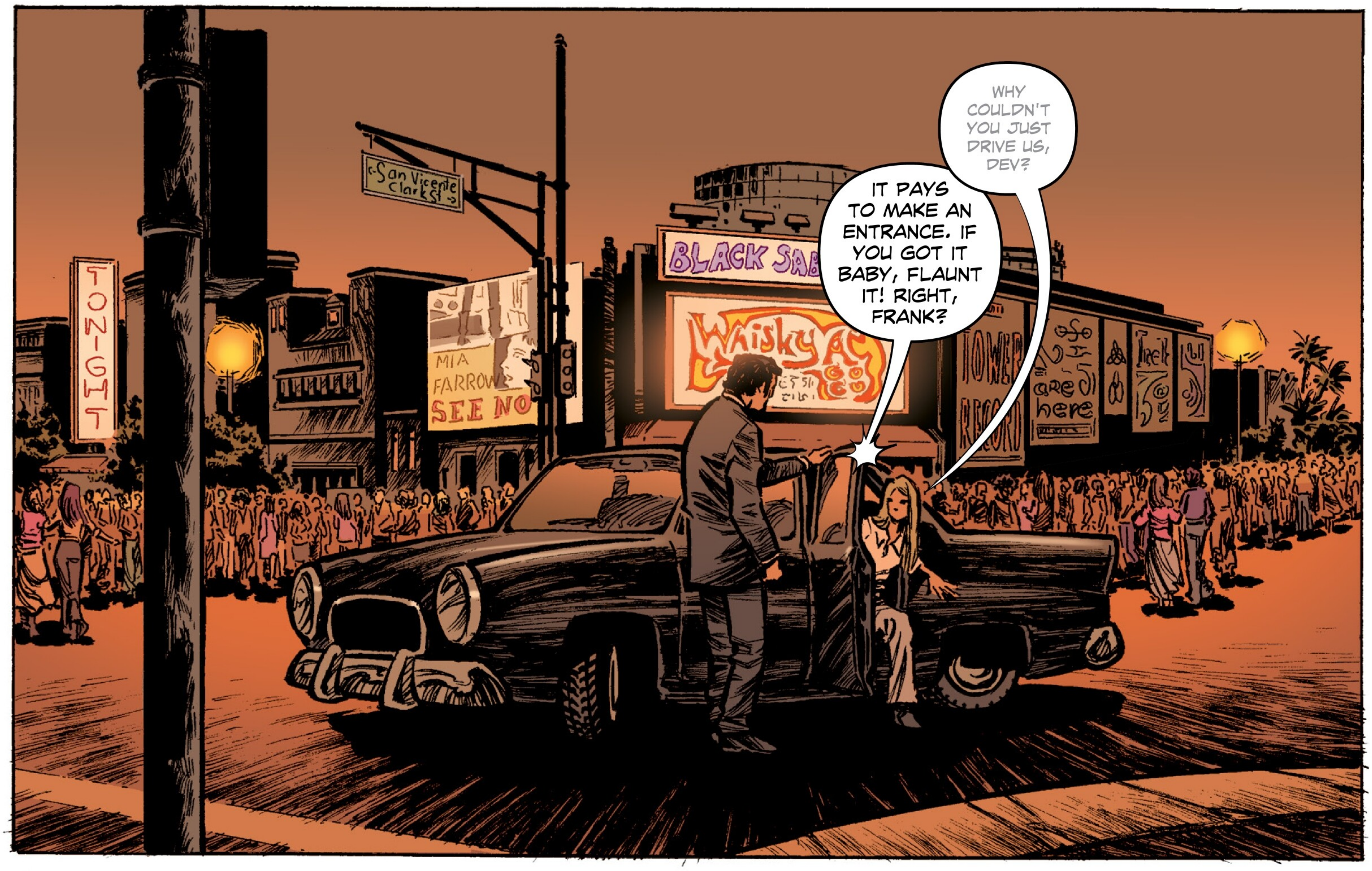
SON OF
THAT'S NOT...
...GOOD.
SON OF SATAN

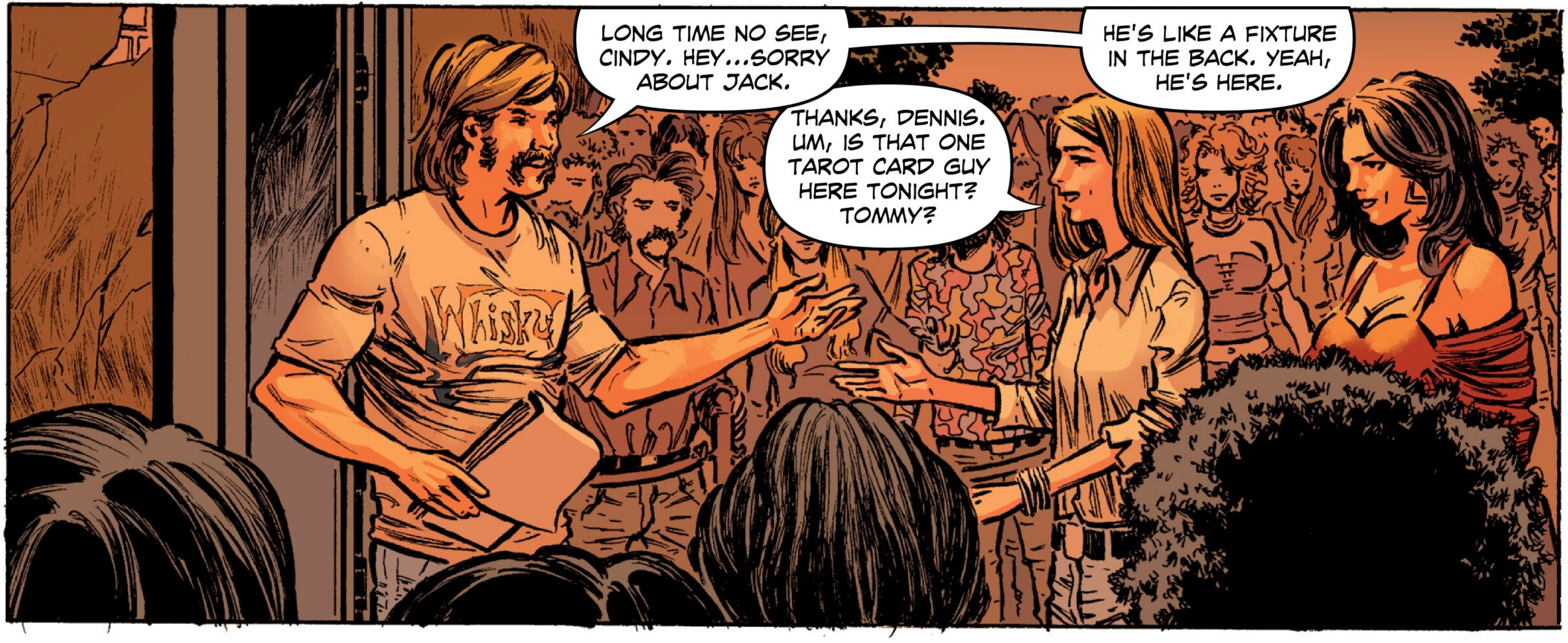
ERA OF THE ANTICHRIST
GARN
PORTAL TO HELL
SURGAT
PELL OUT THE
OF THE BEAS
AND OPEN
THE DOOR
LAH

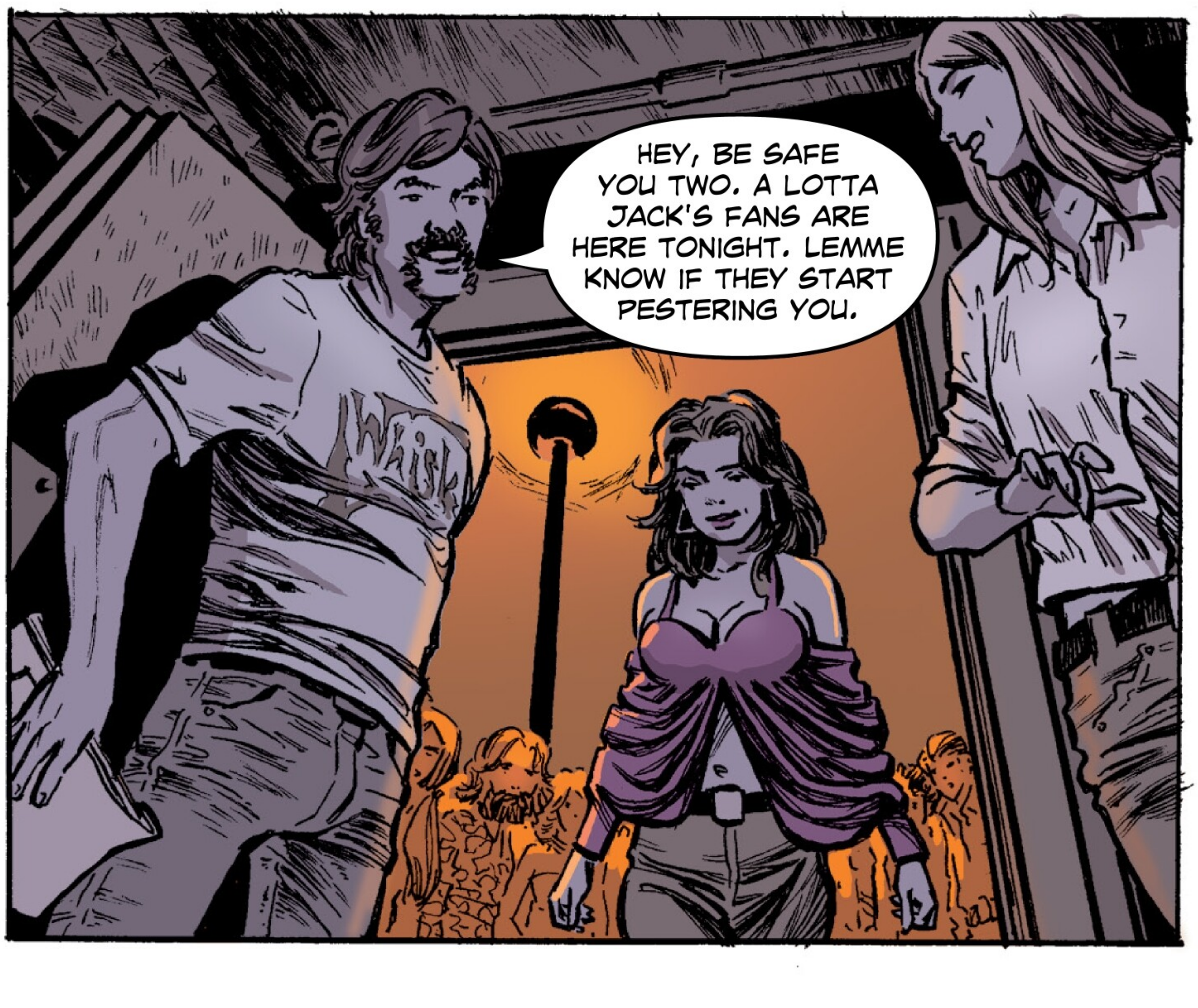
KKLAPP
QUIET PLEASE!
SORRY!
SHHHH!
CINDY!
GAH!
IT'S BEEN A FEW HOURS. FIND WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR?
SORRY, YOU SPOOKED ME. I...DID. LET'S GO, OKAY?

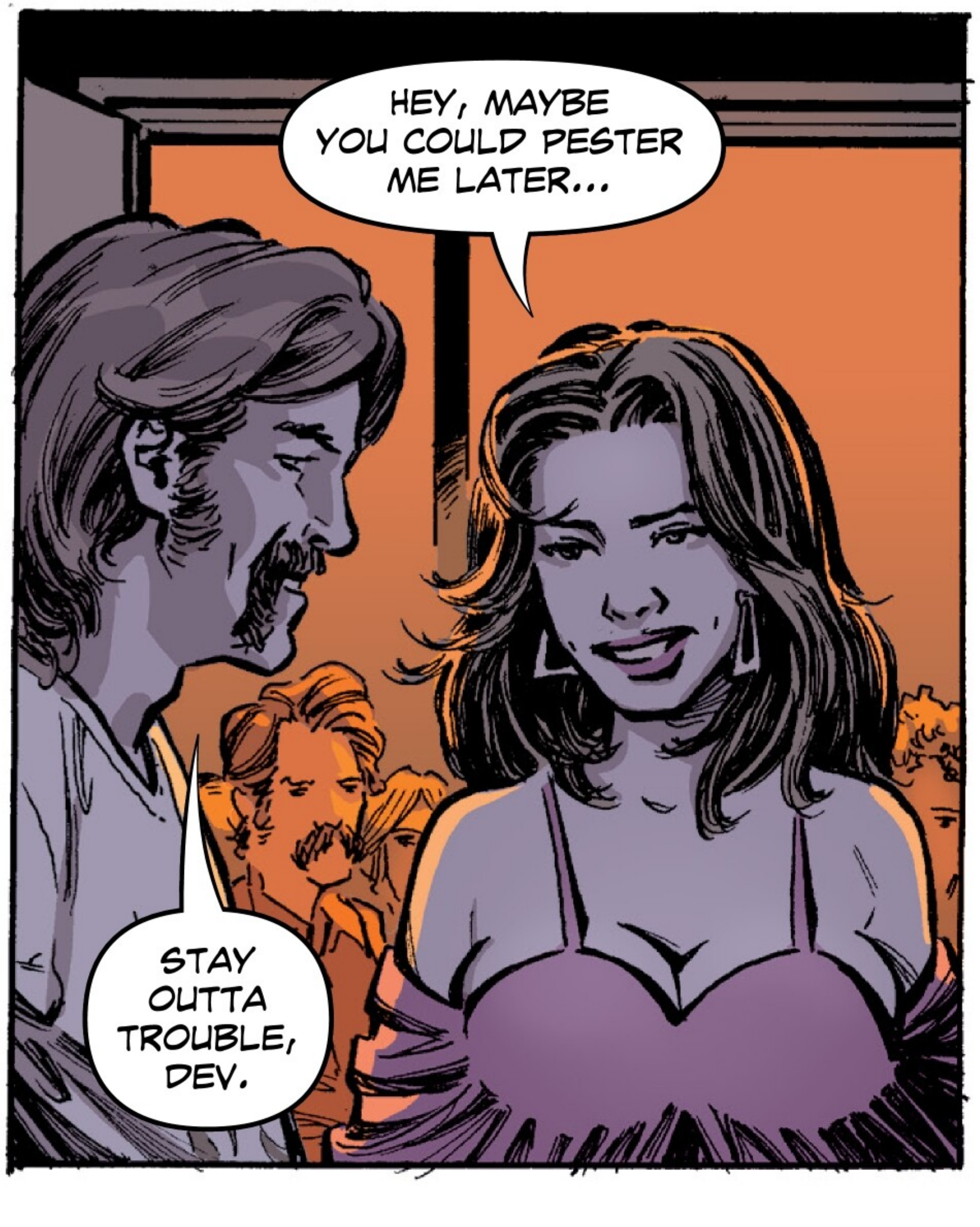
CAPITOL RECORDS
TOWER RECORDS
EF HUTTON & CO
SO...I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE TO WORRY MUCH ABOUT THOSE GIRLS ON THE LIST, CINDY.
WHY IS THAT?
THEY'RE ALL *MISSING PERSONS.* TWO EACH YEAR. ALWAYS RIGHT AROUND THE SAME TIME, JUNE 21ST AND DECEMBER 22ND...BASICALLY AROUND THE *SOLSTICE* DATES.
THE SOLSTICE? WHAT'S THAT?
"IT'S WHEN THE SUN IS CLOSEST AND FURTHEST AWAY FROM THE EARTH. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS EITHER. BUT I GUESS THERE WAS A COP THAT WAS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT A PATTERN OR SOMETHING."
RECORDS SUPER
TOWER RECORDS
THE DOORS
L.A.WOMAN
ZOSO
are here
Le Chandail
FASHIONS for MEN

WHAT'S HIS NAME? THE NAME OF THE COP?
I FORGOT HIS NAME, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYWAY.
WHY?
BECAUSE HE'S MISSING, TOO.
Chicken
Pastrami
Frosty Freeze
BBQ RIBS
BBQ BEEF
YEAH. I SAW THAT BOOK YOU WERE READING... YOU WANNA TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON, CINDY?
I WISH I KNEW. THERE'S SO MUCH I DON'T KNOW ABOUT JACK. WHO HE WAS. LUCAS. THE WHOLE SATAN ROCK THING. I THOUGHT IT WAS ALL A GIMMICK.
IT IS. I THINK. I JUST LIKE BAD BOYS AND USUALLY THOSE GUYS LOVE ALL THAT STUFF. IT KINDA GOES HAND IN HAND.
PLUS, IT PISSES OFF MY DAD.
MY DAD TOO. MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO HIM...
I KNOW A GUY THAT KNOWS ABOUT THAT KINDA STUFF. HE'S ALWAYS AT THE WHISKY READING TAROT CARDS AND LOOKING ALL CRAZY. JACK KNEW HIM.
OF COURSE HE DID. SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE HE'D KNOW.
THEY KINDA FELL OUT. BUT HE WAS ALWAYS COOL WHENEVER I RAN INTO HIM.
FUCK IT, LET'S GO SEE HIM LATER TONIGHT.


San Vicente
Clark St
TONIGHT
MIA FARROW
SEE NO
BLACK SAB
Whisky A Go Go
TOWER RECORDS
are here
WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST DRIVE US, DEV?
IT PAYS TO MAKE AN ENTRANCE. IF YOU GOT IT BABY, FLAUNT IT! RIGHT, FRANK?


LONG TIME NO SEE, CINDY. HEY...SORRY ABOUT JACK.
THANKS, DENNIS. UM, IS THAT ONE TAROT CARD GUY HERE TONIGHT? TOMMY?
HE'S LIKE A FIXTURE IN THE BACK. YEAH, HE'S HERE.
Whisky


HEY, BE SAFE YOU TWO. A LOTTA JACK'S FANS ARE HERE TONIGHT. LEMME KNOW IF THEY START PESTERING YOU.
Whisk


HEY, MAYBE YOU COULD PESTER ME LATER...
STAY OUTTA TROUBLE, DEV.

HE'S USUALLY UP THERE.
COOL.
CINDY!
HI, TOMMY.
SCRAM, LADIES. THAT'S JACK'S OLD LADY.
MOVE IT, I'M SERIOUS. HAVE A SEAT, CINDY.
HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR A WHILE. SORRY ABOUT JACK. I KNOW HE AND I DIDN'T ALWAYS HIT IT OFF--BUT...YOU OKAY?

I'M GETTING THROUGH IT. I WANTED TO RUN SOME STUFF BY YOU.
NO PROBLEM. WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?
DEVENEY. QUITE THE GENTLEMAN.
AND A CHARMER, I SEE.
MOST OF THE TIME.
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THESE...?
WELL...WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?
WHERE DID YOU SEE THESE SYMBOLS?
I'D RATHER NOT SAY...

YOU KNOW, JACK HAD SOME CRAZY IDEAS. I MEAN, HE DRANK A LOT SO I NEVER KNEW IF HE WAS SERIOUS, BUT...HE HAD SOME CRAZY IDEAS.
LIKE HOW CRAZY?
LIKE THAT SATAN'S SON WAS LIVING IN OUR MIDST. RIGHT HERE IN THE CITY OF ANGELS. HE BELIEVED THAT HE WAS CREATING A PORTAL TO HELL. A GATEWAY FOR THE DEVIL. IT REQUIRED CEREMONIAL RITUAL. HUMAN SACRIFICE.
IT FREAKED ME OUT. TAKES A LOT TO FREAK ME OUT, Y'KNOW.
HUMAN SACRIFICE?
SEVEN WOMEN.
WE KINDA STOPPED HANGING OUT AROUND THEN.
YEAH, I REMEMBER...IT WAS NICE SEEING YOU TOMMY. I THINK I SEE SOMEONE I KNOW.
STAY SAFE, CINDY. SEE YOU AROUND, DEVENEY.
CHECK YOUR CARDS. YOU NEVER KNOW...!

EXCUSE ME. WEREN'T YOU AT JACK'S FUNERAL?
YOU'RE JACK'S WIFE. WE WERE CLOSE.
MY *DEEPEST* SYMPATHIES.
CLOSE?
I WAS HIS BODYGUARD. HIS FRIEND.
LIKE FAMILY.
STILL DRINKING ALONE, I SEE.
STILL TAGGING ALONG, I SEE.
YOU TWO KNOW EACH OTHER?
YOU COULD SAY THAT. CAN I BUY YOU A DRINK, CINDY?
NO, YOU CAN'T BUY HER A DRINK. WE WERE JUST LEAVING.
FORGET HIM, LEMME BUY YOU A DRINK.
BIG FANS OF JACK'S.
IT'D BE AN HONOR.

BEAT IT, GUYS, I SAID WE'RE LEAVING.
HEY, DON'T BE SUCH A DRAG. WE WANNA BUY YOU GIRLS A DRINK. A TOAST TO JACK.
WHAT DO YOU WANT? IT'S ON ME.
I WANT YOU OUTTA THE WAY.
WHAT'S THE HURRY? BE COOL.
ONE DRINK AIN'T GONNA KILL YOU.
BARTENDER, FIVE OLD STAGGS. JACK LOVED OLD STAGG, RIGHT?
THANKS, BUT WE REALLY DO HAVE TO GO.
WE JUST ORDERED THE DRINKS. SIT DOWN. RELAX.
YOU GONNA BUY ME A DRINK TOO?
MAYBE IF YOU GREW THAT HAIR A BIT LONGER AND SHOWED ME SOME LEG.
YOU GOT IT.
KRACKKK

GAHCK!
ARHGGG! LEMME GO! WE'LL LEAVE!
THUUDDD
THAT TIME HAS PASSED.
THUUDD
THUUDD
THUUDDD
BUT IT LOOKS LIKE OUR TIME HAS JUST BEGUN...
ARE YOU OFFERING TO BUY ME A DRINK, FRANK?
FRANK! CINDY IS A MESS, LET'S GET HER OUT OF HERE! PLEASE!
EXIT
WE'LL HIT THAT BOTTLE SOON, CODY.
PROMISES, PROMISES...

UNHHHH!
UNHHHH!
UUNHHHH!
Wrrooff!
Wrrooff!
Wrrooff!
GIBSON, PLEASE DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE DOWN THERE WATCHING THEM GO AT IT...
OH, SORRY, UM, FRANK. I HEARD NOISES AND...
AND...?

--AND I WANTED TO BRING GIBSON TO BED.
HOW IS YOUR BED, CINDY?
EXCUSE ME?
ARE YOU SLEEPING WELL? BIG, EMPTY HOUSE AND ALL...
IT WOULD BE NICE TO HAVE AN EMPTY HOUSE!
THAT CAN BE ARRANGED.
OHH!
CRAK
FRANK, PUT THE DOG DOWN AND COME OVER HERE AND TELL ME AGAIN WHAT YOU REALLY WANTED TO DO TO THOSE THREE BAD, BAD BOYS AT THE WHISKY...
GOODNIGHT, DOLL.

UNNHHHH! UNHHHH! UUNNHHH!
BRRRRINNNGGG
SAM? OF COURSE. YES, I'LL BE RIGHT THERE.
CINDY, HAVE A SEAT. I HAVE SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU. YOU MIGHT WANT A DRINK. SOMEONE GET HER A DRINK. CHERYL, GET HER A DRINK.
THERE'S NO EASY WAY TO PUT THIS. YOU AND JACK. YOU GOT MARRIED QUICK. YOU ELOPED. AND...
...AND HE DIED. IT'S AWFUL. IT'S ALL AWFUL. BUT WHAT'S WORSE IS JACK NEVER AMENDED HIS LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT TO INCLUDE YOU. WHICH MEANS...
BUT IT'S OKAY. IT'S OKAY. LUCAS FORTUNE WANTS TO TAKE CARE OF YOU. WE HAVE A PLAN. IT'S WHAT JACK WOULD HAVE WANTED.

MAYBE JACK HAD SOME UNFINISHED MUSIC. THINGS HE WAS WORKING ON. WE COULD TIGHTEN IT UP. RELEASE THE ALBUM POSTHUMOUSLY. FANS WOULD LOVE IT.
HE MAY HAVE RECORDED SOMETHING, I MEAN HE WAS ALWAYS RECORDING... I DON'T KNOW. I'LL HAVE TO CHECK...
YOU CHECK. THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMETHING WE CAN PUT TOGETHER. NOW FORGET ABOUT MONEY. FORGET ABOUT THAT STUFF. I SHOULD HAVE SPOKE TO YOU ABOUT THIS A FEW WEEKS FROM NOW. LET YOU GRIEVE. LET ALL OF US GRIEVE.
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH MONEY IS LYING AROUND THE HOUSE, BUT WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU. I GOT SOME CASH HERE SOMEWHERE. YOU'LL BE FINE. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.
SANDWICHES? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE STARVING.
SANDWICHES, CHERYL!
HAVE YOU BEEN EATING? I'M GONNA GET YOU A SANDWICH.
CHERYL, WHERE'S HER DRINK? SCOOT!
YOU STILL HAVE ANY OF THESE? HERE, TAKE THEM. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE 'EM.
CHERYL-- WHERE'S HER DRINK?

CINDY! WHAT HAPPENED!?! ARE YOU OKAY?
LOOK. LOOK WHAT THEY DID! WHY IS THIS HAPPENING TO ME?!?
WHO WOULD DO THIS?
JACK WAS INTO SOME BAD THINGS, DEVENEY. TERRIBLE THINGS.
I THINK JACK KILLED SOME GIRLS. THOSE SIX GIRLS.

CINDY--THAT'S CRAZY. NOT JACK. JACK WOULDN'T DO THAT. I KNOW JACK! YOU KNOW JACK. JACK WOULDN'T DO THAT!
I HAVE TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING.
SCCCRRITTTCHHH
WHAT THE HELL--?!?!
I KNOW. IT'S A LOT TO TAKE IN. THIS IS THE PART I WANTED YOU TO SEE.

REMEMBER THOSE NAMES? THESE ARE THE GIRLS.
I DON'T THINK THEY'RE MISSING...
CINDY! THAT'S YOU!
THAT WASN'T...THAT WASN'T--
THAT WASN'T THERE BEFORE, DEVENEY. I WAS HERE AND THAT WASN'T THERE YESTERDAY. I SWEAR IT!
CINDY... I THINK YOU MAY BE IN SOME TROUBLE...

PANOSIAN

"Here it is, here--
"They decided they'll feed everything into it and then they'll see.
"They decided they want the rest around them now like this.
"They want to be owned, it is all that can own them."
--Jordie Graham

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR, CINDY? I THINK IT'S SAFE TO SAY THAT JACK WAS INTO SOME WEIRD SHIT. MAYBE WE SHOULD LEAVE IT AT THAT.
YOU SAW THAT LAST VIAL, RIGHT? THAT PHOTO? THAT WAS A PICTURE OF ME, DEV!
IT WASN'T THERE THE LAST TIME I WAS IN THAT CHAMBER.
OLD JCC
THAT MEANS SOMEONE WAS IN HERE. WHICH MEANS JACK COULD BE INNOCENT.
I THINK IT MEANS LET'S PACK A BAG AND SCOOT! WHO DO YOU THINK WAS HERE?
MAYBE THESE ALBUMS FROM THE CHAMBER CAN TELL US.

WELL, THIS IS GOING NOWHERE...THAT'S ***JACK AND LUCAS*** WITH A GROSS STAGE PROP.
THIS WAS...ALL OF THIS WAS BEFORE I KNEW JACK.
THIS WAS DRUGS AND...THE GIRL ON THE COUCH...
...AND WHO KNOWS WHAT ELSE. I MEAN, THERE WERE SOME CRAZY PARTIES, BUT I NEVER SAW GOATS AND KNIVES AND... ALL OF THIS...
THAT'S... THOSE ARE ***JACK'S PARENTS,*** DAVIS AND DOROTHY. WHY ARE *THEY* THERE?
HUH, THAT IS WEIRD. I NEVER KNEW JACK'S PARENTS TO BE AT HIS **PARTIES.**
WAIT...THE GIRL AT THIS PARTY--SHE WAS ONE OF THE GIRLS WITH A PHOTO IN THE CHAMBER!
OH, GOD... CIN', THIS IS STARTING TO FEEL ***REALLY*** BAD.

THAT'S *SAM TOAST.* SAM ASKED ME FOR JACK'S FINAL RECORDINGS. IT'S LIKE EVERYONE KNEW. *EVERYONE!*
SERIOUSLY, CINDY, I THOUGHT THIS WAS KINDA CRAZY BEFORE--BUT *WE NEED TO GET YOU OUT OF THIS HOUSE.* LIKE, *NOW!*
MISSING PE
THOSE TAPES, THESE ORGIES OR RITUALS, ALL OF IT--THE SIX GIRLS--IT'S ALL CONNECTED.
WE HAVE TO FIND THAT RECORDING AND DESTROY IT!
LOOK EVERYWHERE! THE TAPE IS HERE SOMEWHERE. IT *MUST* BE.
CINDY, THIS ISN'T THE TIME. I MEAN, WHAT ABOUT THAT PHOTO OF YOU FROM THE SECRET CHAMBER?
I'M NOT LEAVING UNTIL I FIND IT.

OK, CIN'. I'LL HELP. BUT THE SECOND WE FIND THAT TAPE, WE TAKE THESE PHOTOS TO THE POLICE AND FIND A MOTEL FOR YOU TO STAY IN WHERE NO ONE CAN FIND YOU.
...OF COURSE.
JACK KING

CINDY?
GAHHH!
SORRY, CINDY!
LOOK, I'M EXHAUSTED. I KNOW YOU HAVE TO BE EXHAUSTED, TOO. LET'S GET SOME REST AND DIG IN TOMORROW MORNING.
I'LL BE DOWNSTAIRS IN CASE ANYONE TRIES TO BREAK IN. YOU CAN HEAR A CAR THREE BLOCKS AWAY IN LAUREL CANYON AND I'M A LIGHT SLEEPER.
OKAY, GOOD. AND NO FRANK, RIGHT?
OF COURSE, NO FRANK. *FUCK* FRANK!

JACK! OH, JACK!

JACK...!
OHHHHH!
JACK...?

CINDY. WHY ARE YOU HERE?
YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE.
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO RUN.

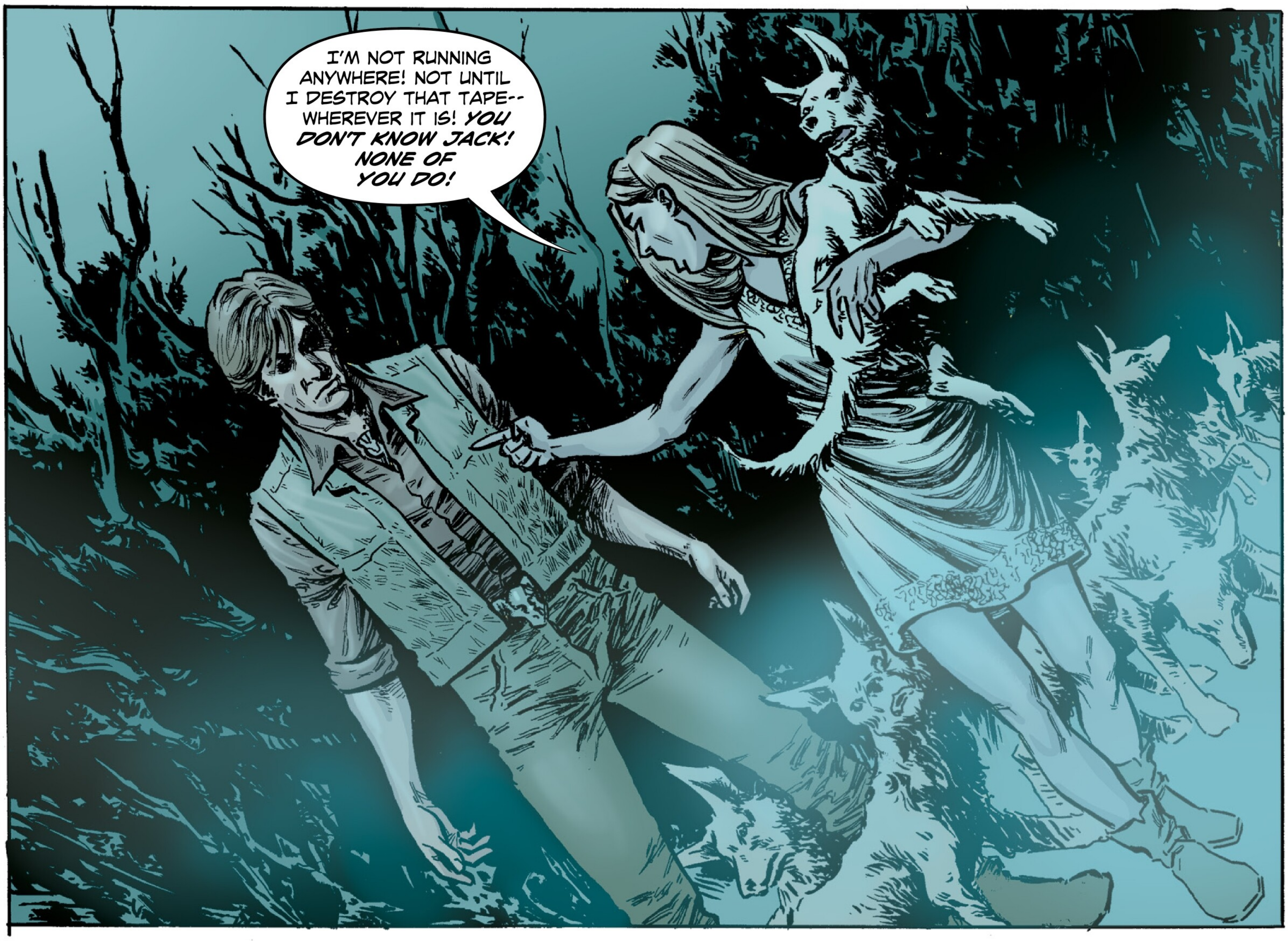
RUN CINDY!
CINDY! WAKE UP!
SORRY... I HEARD SCREAMING.
I WAS DREAMING THAT JACK...
I'M SURE. YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH HELL.
TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP...

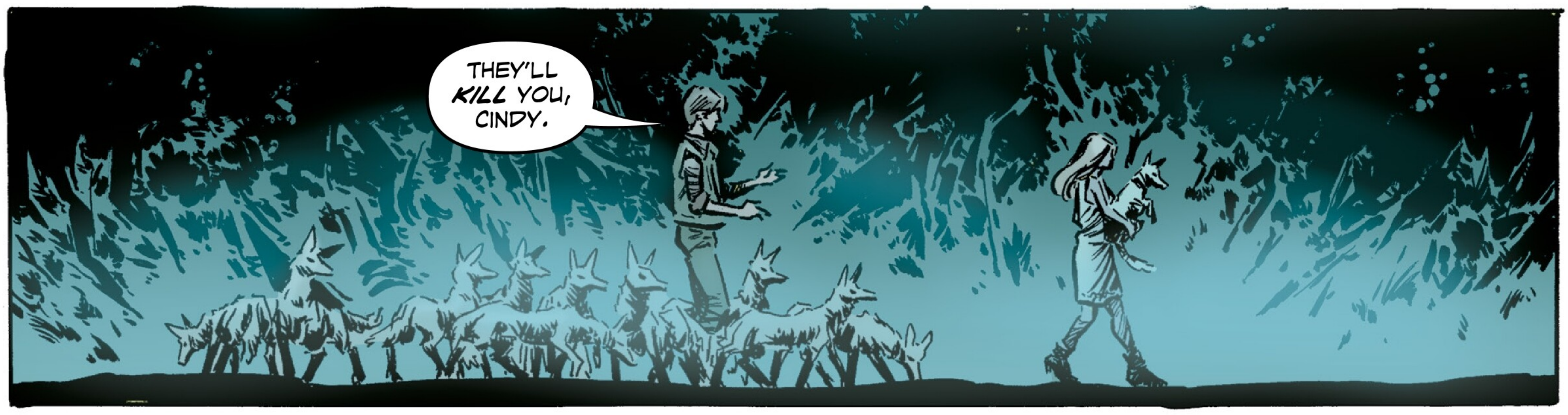
OKAY, GIBSON, LET'S GO FOR A WALK. WE BOTH COULD USE SOME FRESH AIR.
WOOF!

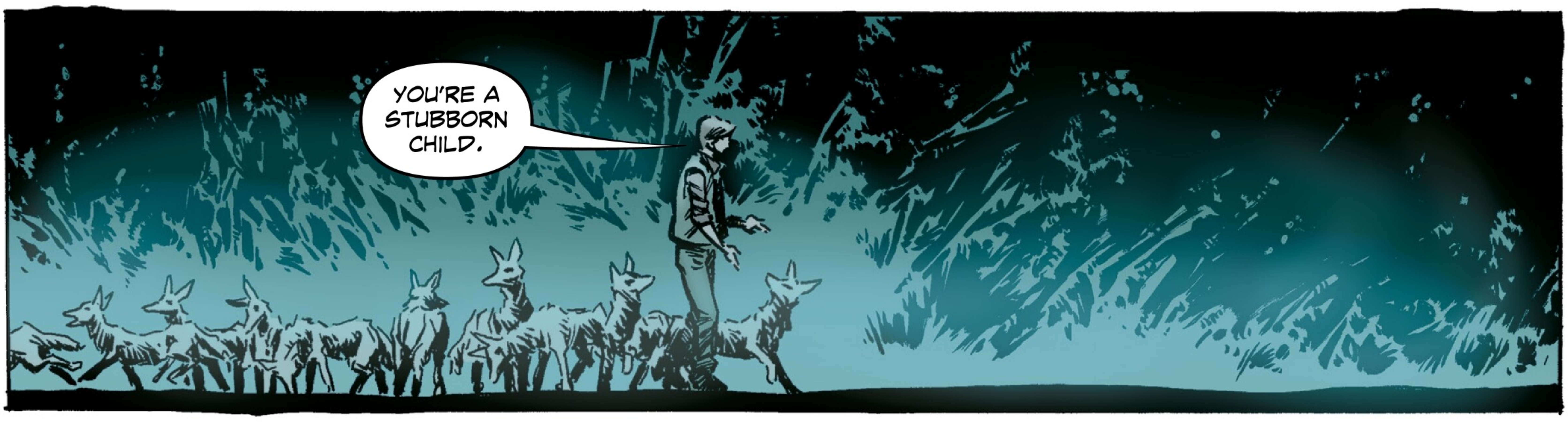
I THINK IT'S TIME WE GO HOME...STAY BY ME...

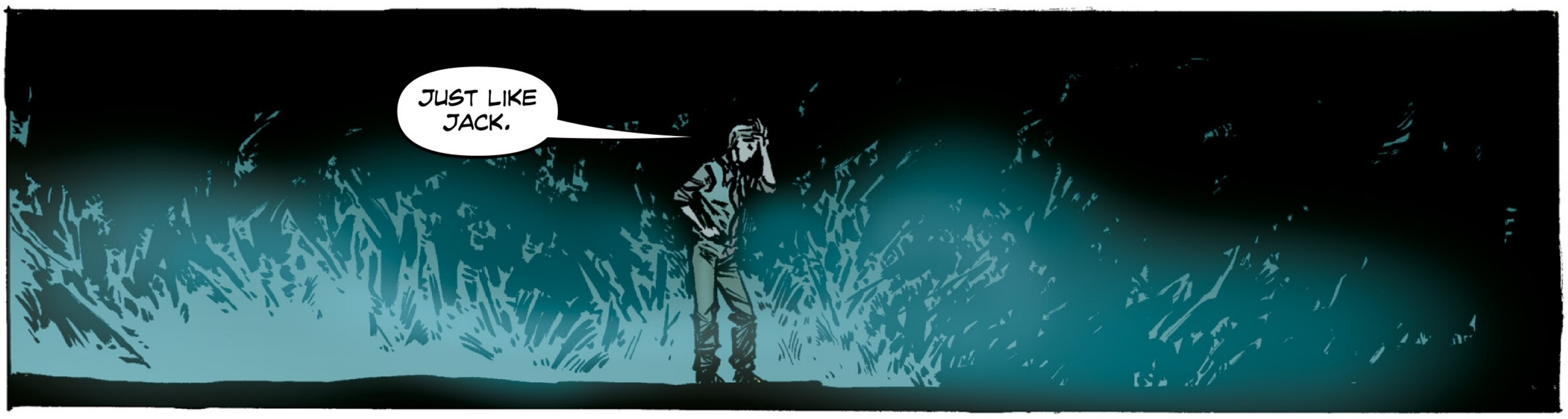
GRRRUWLL!
JACK! NOOOO! NOOOOOO!
CINDY! IT'S ME!

CODY.
CINDY, *DON'T TRUST ANYONE.*
THAT TAPE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR--FORGET ABOUT IT. JUST GO.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHAT'S HAPPENING?!
THEY'RE DANGEROUS, ALL OF THEM.
THEY *USED* JACK. THEY THOUGHT THEY KNEW WHO HE WAS, WHAT HE COULD DO. THEY HAD NO IDEA.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!? WHY ARE YOU--?
I DON'T HAVE THE TAPE! I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS! THEY WANT TO KILL ME! WHAT IS ALL OF THIS? WHO *ARE* YOU?!?
JACK WAS DONE. HE WAS WALKING AWAY FROM IT ALL. HE HAD FOUND HIS *OWN PATH* AND *YOU* WERE PART OF THAT PATH.
BUT NOW YOU'RE IN *THEIR* PATH.
RUN, CINDY. *RUN FAR AWAY.*


I'M NOT RUNNING ANYWHERE! NOT UNTIL I DESTROY THAT TAPE-- WHEREVER IT IS! ***YOU DON'T KNOW JACK! NONE OF YOU DO!***


THEY'LL ***KILL*** YOU, CINDY.


YOU'RE A STUBBORN CHILD.


JUST LIKE JACK.

BREATHE... I NEED TO BREATHE.
CINDY! I WAS LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU!
I NEEDED A WALK.
NOW I NEED A DRINK.
LAST ONE. LAST BOTTLE.
OLD STAGG
OLD STAGG
OLD STAGG KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

The Top Bourbon of Kentucky
OLD STAGG
DEVENEY...?
YOU *FOUND* IT!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. OKAY, WHAT NEXT? I GUESS WE HAVE TO--
CELEBRATE!
CLICK CLICK CLICK
WHY ARE YOU TURNING THE LIGHT ON AND OFF?
THIS IS A GREAT MOMENT, CINDY! WE'RE CELEBRATING!
CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK
ALL OF US. WE ALL NEED TO CELEBRATE!
CLICK CLICK CLICK

GOOD GIRL, CINDY. WE KNEW YOU'D FIND IT.
GET OUT! *GET OUT!*
GET OUT? WE'RE HERE TO SAY THANK YOU. YOU AND JACK HAD A REMARKABLE CONNECTION. YOU'VE BROUGHT US ALL TOGETHER.
WE'RE FAMILY. *YOUR* FAMILY.
THIS ISN'T REAL! THIS IS THOSE PILLS!
THIS ISN'T REAL! THIS IS A NIGHTMARE!
IT'S A DREAM COME TRUE. FOR ALL OF US. THANKS TO YOUR SACRIFICE.
THE PARTY HAS JUST BEGUN.

HEY.
I LOVE A GOOD PARTY.

BLACK
TAPE

"I am the living mind
you fail to describe
"in your dead language
"the lost noun, the verb surviving
only in the infinitive
"the letters of my name
are written under the lids
of the newborn child."
--From "The Stranger" by
Adrienne Rich, 1972

YOU LIKE PARTIES? LET'S GO, CODY.
WANNA TAKE THIS OUTSIDE, GIVE OURSELVES SOME ELBOW ROOM?
NAH. YOU'LL BE OUTSIDE SOON ENOUGH.
WHEN WE BURY YOUR ASS.
LUCAS, FOR GOD'S SAKE! *YOU HAVE WHAT YOU WANT!* JUST LET US LEAVE! I WON'T GO TO THE COPS! I SWEAR!
CINDY, DARLING, YOU'RE FAR TOO IMPORTANT. IT'S ALL PART OF JACK'S PLAN. *IT HAS BEEN FROM THE BEGINNING.*
YOU WERE CAREFULLY CHOSEN, DEAR GIRL.
JACK WAS VERY PARTICULAR, YOU KNOW.

I'VE BEEN WAITING TO SEE THIS FOR A LONG TIME NOW. BLESSED BE SATAN. PRAYERS REALLY DO COME TRUE.
SOMETIMES. *DEPENDS ON WHO'S LISTENING.*
ARRROOOO!
AAAARRRRROOOOOOO!
WHOOOOSH

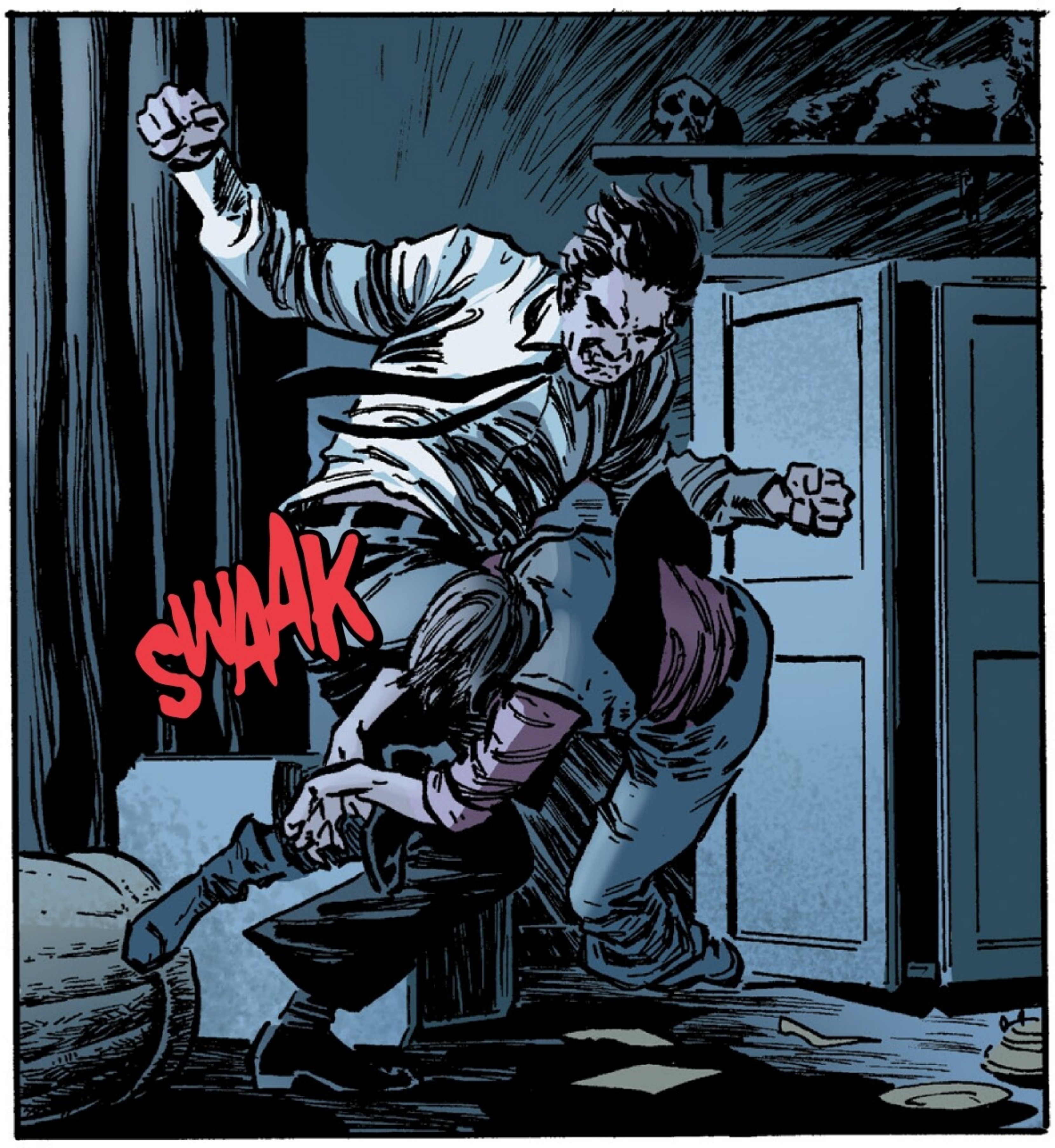
FWOOOOSH
GET THE ALTAR READY, DEVENEY. ABBY, GIVE HER A HAND.
YES, MR. FORTUNE.
DEVENEY! ***PLEASE!*** PLEASE HELP ME!
THAT'S ALL I'VE BEEN DOING, CINDY. IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK IT IS. YOU'LL SEE.
YOU'LL SEE IT ALL.
WHUP
A CHEAP SHOT! I CALL FOUL PLAY!
RIP HIS LUNGS OUT, FRANK! MAKE HIM SUFFER!

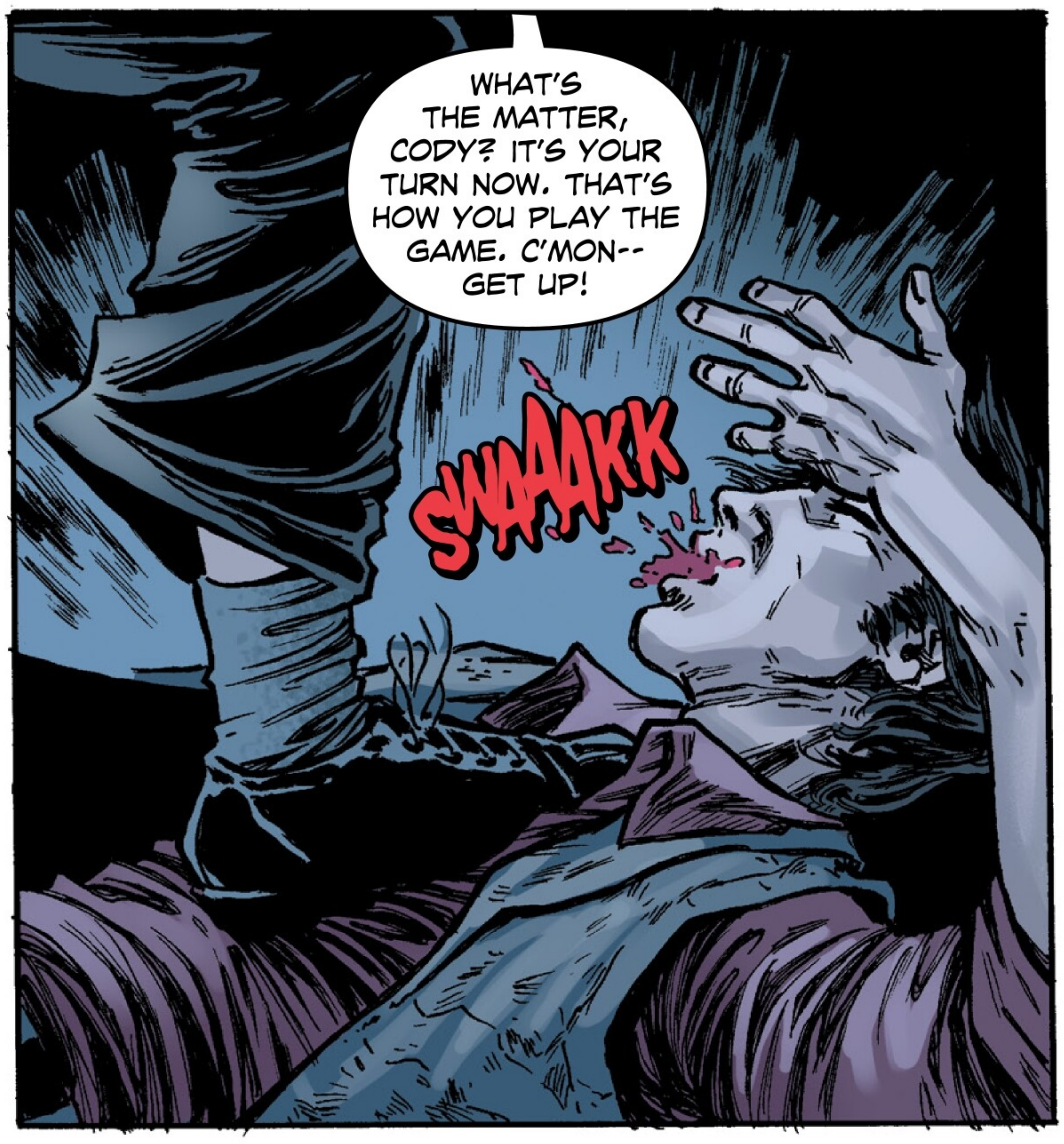
CUTE.
CRAKK
UNNGH!
GODDAMN IT, FRANK, YOU SONUVABITCH! YOU BROKE MY ARM!
LET'S TRY FOR THE OTHER ONE, WHAT'YA SAY?
BREAK THE OTHER ONE, TOO!
HAIL SATAN!

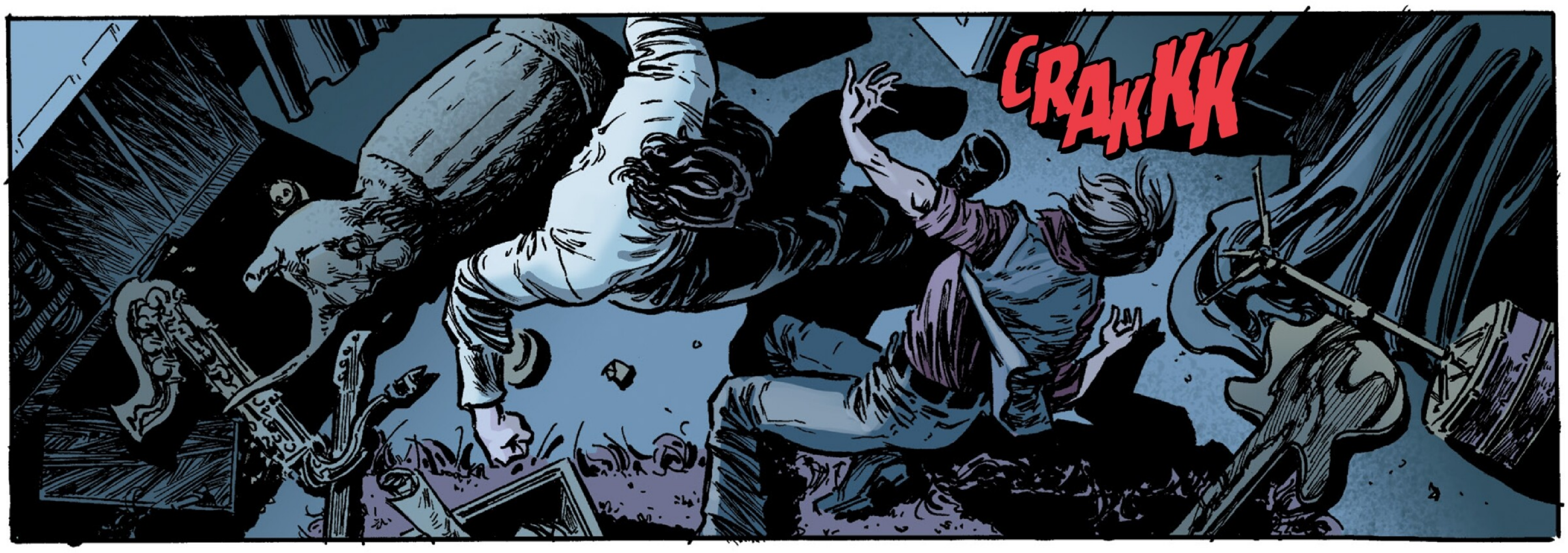
HOLD HER FOR ME, SAM. I WANT TO SAVOR THIS. OUR MOMENT IS AT HAND. TONIGHT THE WORLD CHANGES. EVERYTHING CHANGES.
STOP SQUIRMING. RELISH IT, CINDY!
TONIGHT THE WORLD AWAKENS FROM THE TYRANNY OF A GOD THAT REVELS IN DEATH, PAIN, AND OUR SUFFERING, CINDY.
SUFFERING?!? YOU'RE RICH! HOW ARE YOU SUFFERING?
BECAUSE WE'RE ALL SLAVES, NO MATTER WHERE OR HOW WE LIVE. WE HAVE BEEN FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS. THE WORLD HAS BOUGHT INTO THE LIE. EMBRACED IT AS ITS SALVATION.
WHERE IS GOD'S MERCY? HE DOLES IT OUT LIKE AN OLD WOMAN TOSSES BREADCRUMBS TO PIGEONS. BUT THERE'S NEVER ENOUGH CRUMBS FOR ALL THE PIGEONS, IS THERE? HALF THE WORLD IS STARVING! MEN ARE CUT DOWN FIGHTING WARS IN HIS NAME!
HE CREATED US TO SUFFER AND BEG HIM FOR MERCY.
THINK ABOUT THAT, CINDY. WE HAVE BEEN TAUGHT TO ACCEPT OUR FATES. PREDETERMINED FATES. ALL OF US, WE ALL BOUGHT INTO IT! GOD TELLS US TO TURN THE OTHER CHEEK. THE *MEEK* WILL INHERIT THE EARTH!
THE MEEK? WHY SHOULD THE MEEK BE REWARDED?
AN ENLIGHTENED FEW HAVE RESISTED THOSE OLD DOCTRINES AND FOLLOWED THE EXAMPLE OF *LORD LUCIFER.* HE REJECTED GOD'S WILL. HE REJECTED A CRUEL GOD AND EMBRACED THE REAL LIGHT. THE SAME LIGHT THAT TWINKLED IN EVE'S EYES WHEN SHE CHOSE THE SWEET TASTE OF WHAT HAS BEEN HIDDEN FROM US. *OUR TRUE DESTINY!*

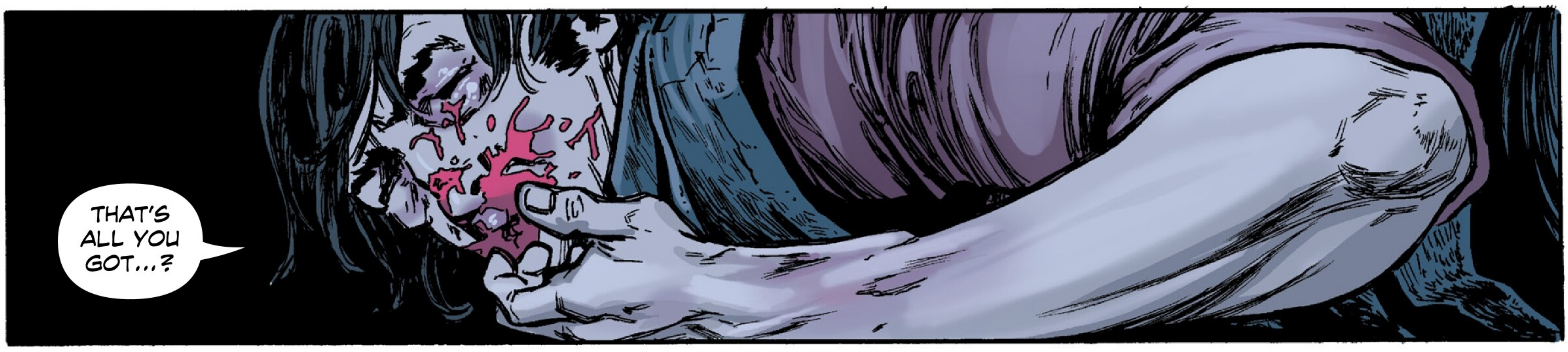
DESTINY? *YOU KILLED INNOCENT WOMEN!*
OUR DESTINY.
JACK CHOSE YOU, CINDY. YOU'RE PART OF THIS *IMMACULATE DESIGN.* YOU CAN'T FATHOM HOW IMPORTANT YOUR ROLE IS IN ALL OF THIS.
SNAG
LET'S SEE HOW THESE WORK.
WHAKK
NOT BAD.
TRY IT AGAIN.

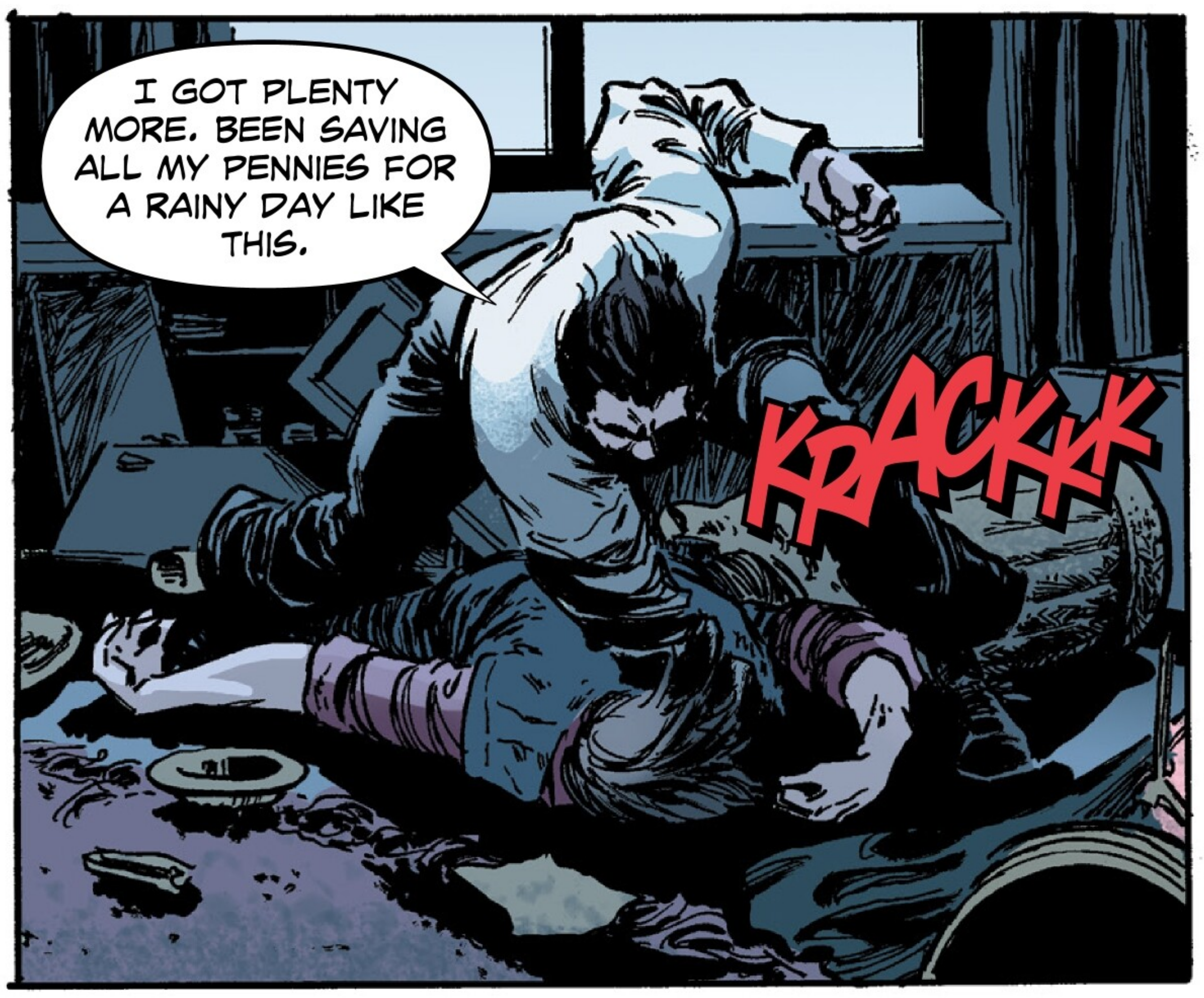
SWACK
MY TURN.
KRACKKK
DAMNIT...
GET UP. *IT'S MY TURN... AGAIN.*

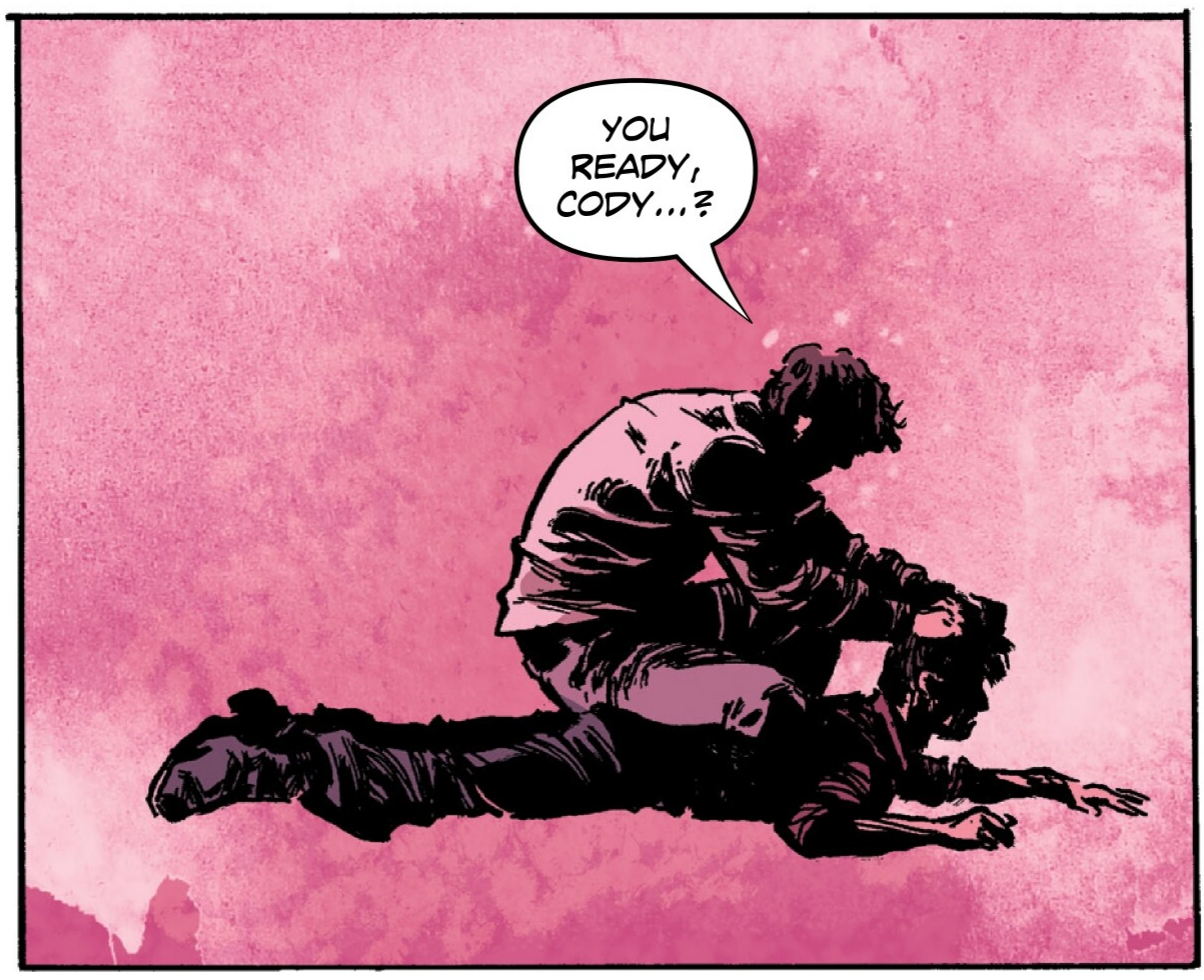

SWAAK


WHAT'S THE MATTER, CODY? IT'S YOUR TURN NOW. THAT'S HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME. C'MON-- GET UP!
SWAAAKK


CRAKKK


THAT'S ALL YOU GOT...?


I GOT PLENTY MORE. BEEN SAVING ALL MY PENNIES FOR A RAINY DAY LIKE THIS.
KRACKKK


YOU READY, CODY...?

...BECAUSE THE PARTY IS OVER!
GRI
TKRDKKKKKKK
CODY! NOOOOOOO!
GOOD SHOW, FRANK! GOOD SHOW!
BRAVO, I SAY!
CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!
CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!
CANDLES ARE LIT AND EVERYTHING IS IN PLACE, LUCAS.
IT LOOKS AMAZING. JUST INCREDIBLE. EVERYTHING IS PERFECT. *I SPOOLED THE TAPE INTO THE CASSETTE.*
DEVENEY-- THIS IS MADNESS! THIS ISN'T YOU! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?

WHY? BECAUSE HE'S THE ONE WHO'S COME BACK TO SAVE US. THE TRUE CHRIST.
GOD HAD HIS TIME. THE TABLES HAVE TURNED AND SOON THIS EARTHLY PLANE WILL BE LORD SATAN'S TO DO WITH WHAT HE WILL!
SATAN? YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT?
TONIGHT WE OPEN A GATE FOR SATAN. HE'S GOING TO USHER US INTO A NEW ERA. A NEW WORLD. WE WILL BECOME SATAN'S SACRED ANGELS!
ANGELS? PLEASE! PLEASE STOP! JACK DIDN'T WANT ANY OF THIS!
IT WAS JACK'S IDEA, CINDY.
JACK WAS THE NEW MESSIAH. THIS IS WHAT HE WANTED.
HE CHOSE YOU, CINDY. HE CHOSE YOU BECAUSE OF YOUR PURITY. YOUR INNOCENCE. YOU WILL UNLOCK HIS FATHER'S GATEWAY WITH YOUR SANGUINE CRUOR.
HE DIED FOR US. THE NEW MORNING STAR. JACK WAS SATAN'S SON.
HIS LAST RECORDING WAS HIS DESTINY FULFILLED. THE BLACK TAPE. THE NEW SUMMONING TEXT OF ABRAMELIN MADE AURICULAR!

BUT JACK'S PARENTS ARE RIGHT HERE. SATAN DOESN'T EXIST! YOU CAN'T DO THIS!
DAVIS ISN'T JACK'S FATHER, DEAR.
DOROTHY WAS A VESSEL FOR LORD LUCIFER. I WITNESSED THE SHADOW OF OUR MASTER'S BACK AS HE DELIVERED HIS *GIFT* TO HER. TO US ALL! SOON WE SHALL DRINK FROM SATAN'S RED CUP.
IT IS TIME TO COMPLETE THE SEVENTH RITUAL. WE WILL DAMN ONE GOD AND BRING GLORY TO ANOTHER AND, IN DOING SO, WE SHALL INHERIT HIS MAJESTIC BOUNTY!

GIRLS, GATHER THE VIALS AND DELIVER ME THE INSTRUMENTS OF OUR DELIVERANCE. THE CEREMONIAL DAGGERS, SATAN'S FANGS.
JACK DESPISED ALL OF YOU! HE WANTED OUT! HE LOVED ME AND HE JUST WANTED TO GET AWAY FROM ALL OF YOU!
"BELIEF AND FAITH ARE FICKLE MISTRESSES. EACH SACRIFICE BROUGHT US CLOSER TO SALVATION.
"EVERY TIME THE DAGGERS QUENCHED THEIR RAPACIOUS CRAVINGS, WE TOOK A STEP TOWARDS A NEW AGE.
"TONIGHT, WE SET THE TABLE WITH THIS CHOSEN FLESH SO THAT SATAN'S FANGS MAY FEAST AGAIN. WOULD THAT JACK COULD FEAST ALONGSIDE ME ONCE AGAIN!"
LOOK AT THEM. SO SHARP AND SO THIRSTY.
THEY'RE GLORIOUS!
I'VE LOADED THE BLACK TAPE, LUCAS. I AM YOURS TO INSTRUCT.

BRING HER TO THE ALTAR AND HOLD HER DOWN ON THIS UNHOLY TABERNACLE, SO THAT SHE MAY WELCOME JACK'S FATHER, LORD SATAN.
STOP IT! PLEASE SAM!
"WE INVOKE THE TWELVE KINGS AND DUKES OF HELL AND BIND THEM, THEREBY GAINING COMMAND OF THEIR CONGRESS WITH OUR SAVIOR, SATAN! LET THIS SACRIFICIAL BLOOD BE GIFT ENOUGH TO OBTAIN AUDIENCE WITH BELIAL, THE BEAST BELOVED!"
ONLY JACK'S CANTICLE CAN UNLOCK THE PORTAL! FOR HE IS THE TRUE SON OF SATAN! THE TRUE CHRIST!
SAY THE WORD, MASTER.
PLAY THE BLACK TAPE. JACK'S TENOR WILL CONSUMMATE THE RITUAL AND OPEN HELL'S GATES FOR US!
NO!
JACK DIDN'T MAKE THAT TAPE FOR YOU.
SILENCE! WHO DARES INTERRUPT THIS SACRAMENT?

HE MADE IT FOR *ME.*
YOU WISH TO BE ANGELS? *ANGELS?!?* YOU SOUGHT TO MANIPULATE LUCIFER'S SON AND *NOW* YOU SEEK TO VIOLATE HIS DYING WISHES?
THE CHRISTIANS PRAY AND WHINE TO A GOD THAT RARELY LISTENS.
KRUNKK
KRUNKK
SO WHAT MAKES YOU THINK *YOUR GOD* LISTENS TO YOUR GREEDY MEWLINGS?
KLUNK
DAMNIT, FRANK. YOU REALLY DID A NUMBER ON ME, DIDN'T YOU?

KILL HIM! *KILL HIM!* I WILL NOT BE DENIED AN AUDIENCE WITH LORD LUCIFER! *THIS HAS BEEN A LIFETIME IN THE MAKING!* DECADES OF PLANNING!
WE MUST COMPLETE THE RITUAL!
FOOLS. THE RITUAL WAS COMPLETED CENTURIES AGO.
CRAACCKKLE
CODY-- *NOOOO!* I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU ASK! ANYTHING!
I NEVER *ASK* FOR ANYTHING.
I DO WHAT I WILT.

CRINKK
CRK
YOU SHOULDA STAYED DEAD!
SLICCCE
DIE, YOU FREAK!
THUCKK

YOU'RE A BEAUTIFUL MONSTER, FRANK.
THANK YOU.
THUCK
KLUNK
CODY!
EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE FINE.
KLUNK

CINDY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING...?!?!
JACK! JACK, YOU WIN!
I'LL JOIN YOU! THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, RIGHT? YOU WANT ME TO JOIN YOU!
CINDY! NOO! LET ME...HELP YOU! I CAN HELP YOU!
I...I CAN HELP YOU JOIN JACK! THIS CAN STILL WORK! WE CAN COMPLETE JACK'S RITUAL! ALL IS NOT LOST!

JACK...?
SLUCCK!

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

Epilogue.
JACK'S LAST TAPE DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A KEY TO SUMMON THE DEVIL.
NOT EVEN CLOSE. SURPRISED ME A LITTLE. TURNS OUT WE'RE A LOT MORE ALIKE THAN I THOUGHT. IT'S A BEAUTIFUL SONG. HE HAD TALENT. NOT SURE WHICH SIDE HE GOT THAT FROM.
SUNS
CALIFORNIA
DAD 666
I MADE MY OWN CHOICES. I WENT MY OWN WAY A LONG, LONG TIME AGO...
ARCA
...AND JACK MADE A CHOICE, TOO. GOTTA RESPECT THAT.
ARCADE
CALIF
DAD

I CHOSE MY OWN PATH.
BING-BING! BING!
JACK CHOSE HIS.
CLUNK
IN THAT REGARD, THE APPLE DIDN'T FALL FAR FROM THE TREE.
PLAY AGAIN?
The End

Black Tape
promo illustration
by Dalibor Talajić

February, 1973
75 Cents
AWA's Only Hard Rock Magazine
SCREAM
JACK KING'S
Final Masterpiece
Revealed!
BLACK
TAPE
A 4-ISSUE
SERIES BY
Dan Panosian
Dalibor Talajić
Ive Svorcina
VARIANT
COVERS BY
Deodato Jr.,
Quesada,
Simonson,
Johnson
& Nord!

DON'T FEAR the UNKNOWN

by Dan Panosian & Dalibor Talajić

Do you recall how old you were the first time you rode your bicycle home at night all by yourself? The first time you took a walk in the woods in the dark with only a flashlight to guide you?

You might not. But you're probably familiar with the sensation. Fear.

Being alone for the first time is a special moment whether it's a positive or negative experience. It's most likely the first time your parents or guardians trusted you or you trusted yourself enough to venture out in the world unaccompanied. "Fear of the unknown" is a phrase we're all familiar with, and when you mix being alone and being in the dark – that fear becomes an even more powerful sensation.

I recall that first time very vividly. It didn't dawn on me right away. The fear didn't hit me all at once. It crept up on me. It chased me the way a monster or villain chases someone in a movie. Slowly. You're moving quickly and the fear is moving slowly, but somehow the distance between the two of you is narrowing. The fear builds. Intensifies. It builds until you're forced to recognize that you're in a situation where you feel you're not entirely in control of your circumstances anymore.

Photo courtesy Dan Panosian

How you handle that fear is very personal.

I liked it. Maybe too much.

I think we all do. There's an adrenaline rush associated with fear. Your senses, all of them, are heightened. All of a sudden, time changes. Everything does. You change. You must, in order to survive the experience. At least that's what the adrenaline is telling yourself. You're simply coming home in the dark – but it's so much more.

When I write a story, I want those feelings to come rushing back. I crave that rush. That intimate sense of self you can only get from experiencing a certain level of fear. It's why I generally write after the sun goes down and the world changes. One by one, people go to sleep, and you're left all alone. In the dark.

And it's perfect.

Do me a favor. Read this book at night.

— Daniel Duke Panosian
Writer, *Black Tape*

•••

Illustration by Dalibor Talajić

Promo art for AWA's Black Tape #1 by Croatian comic book artist Dalibor Talajić.

Parents, man...

They always give us headaches. I mean, it's as if the purpose of their existence is to slow us down and suffocate our creativity. They are so scared of everything, not understanding that it's our world now and we understand it better than they ever could. And why the hell are they so scared at all?

I was supposed to be a musician. My mom was a musician, and at one point in her career she was the most famous opera singer in the world. So, naturally, with my good hearing I was destined to be a musician too. She introduced me to the magical, fascinating world of classical music. Jazz even! Soul! Pop! But rock...No, not rock. Even Elvis, who was accepted as a classic at that time, was too much for her. I won't even mention Deep Purple, AC/DC, Led Zeppelin...Those were forbidden in my home. Too loud, she'd protest, too ugly and aggressive. It can't even be considered as music at all.

I could understand her stance from the point of view of a classically trained musician. However, her eyes told a different story: She wasn't disgusted. She was afraid.

There's just something about rock music that's, well, uncomfortable. Something very rudimentary awakens deep inside us when exposed to it. Something ancient. The way we move to it, the way we let ourselves go, the way we stop caring — this was something my mom wouldn't even converse about, let alone experience. Or allow me to experience.

This was a war she could never win, of course. "I tried," she'd later say, "but the street influence was stronger." It was a joke of course, but there was something sad in her voice. As Jimi Hendrix eclipsed Mario Lanza in most of my playlists, the fear in her eyes grew stronger. Not the fear of that music, but the fear for me.

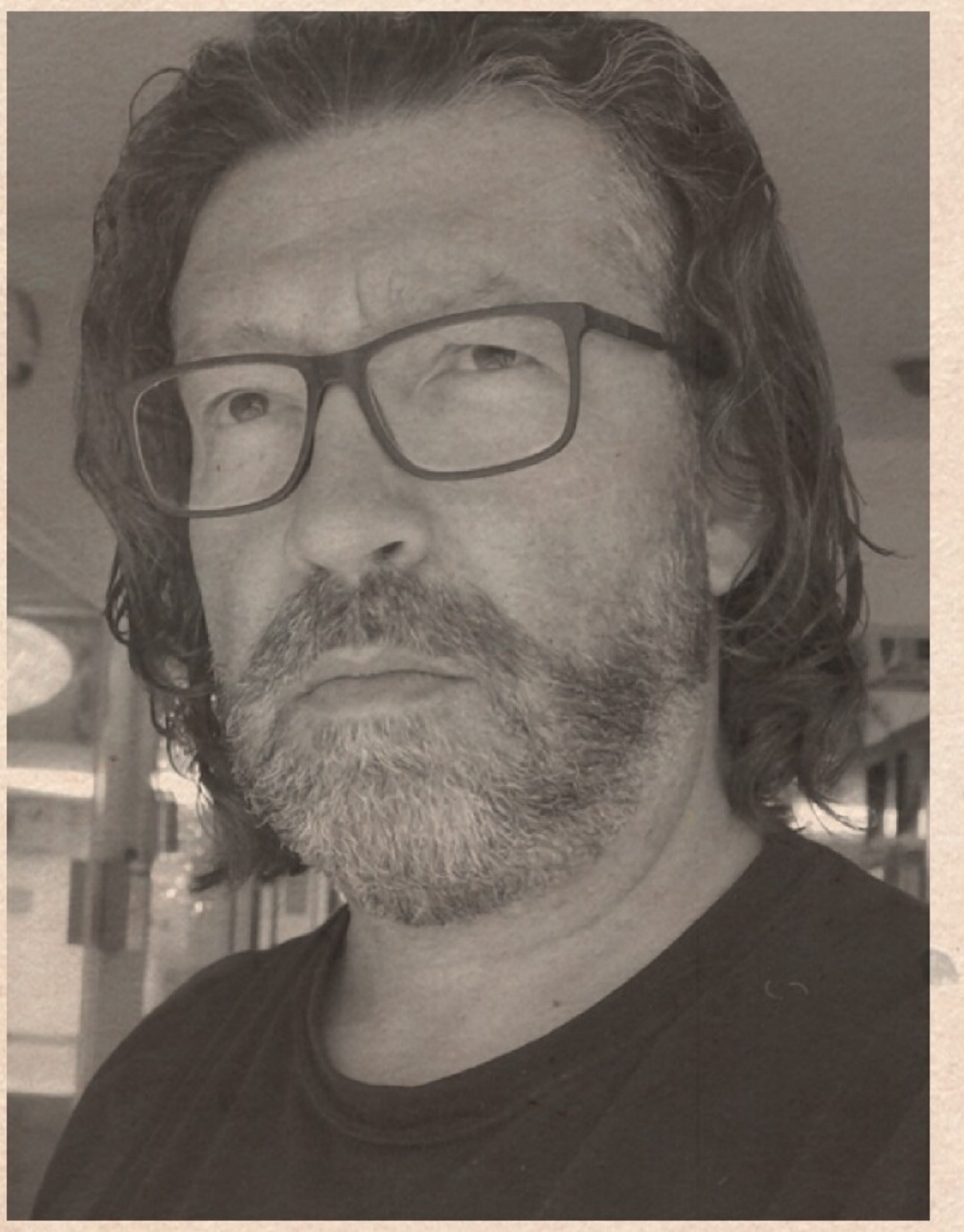


Photo courtesy Dalibor Talajić

I felt sorry for her. I felt sorry because this generation gap between us grew ever larger each day. I was sorry she could not understand my music the way I understood hers.

My mom is long gone now, and my kids listen to music that I consider pure crap. Generation gap is here again.

But...

There's no fear on my part. That's interesting, isn't it? Why am I not afraid for them as my mom was afraid for me? I mean, it's new music. I should not get it. I should dread it. As my mom did. Oh, come on, I'd say to myself — it's just music. Just a generation gap. There's nothing dangerous in any of the music out there. It's just layers of difference.

Years passed. Axel Alonso called offering me Dan's story of a rock musician and an evil cult gathered around him and his music. I was thrilled! It was even set in the time of my early childhood. All I ever loved was there.

But...

At one point in drawing issue two, I remembered my mom. I remembered her fear. Her fear for me. I was trying to get the mood, the feel, the...the...the ancient. And I realized — it was not ancient. It was older. It was dangerous. And, somewhere deep inside, my long-possessed soul helplessly cried. Because I finally understood:

We should all listen to our parents...

— Dalibor Talajić
Artist, *Black Tape*

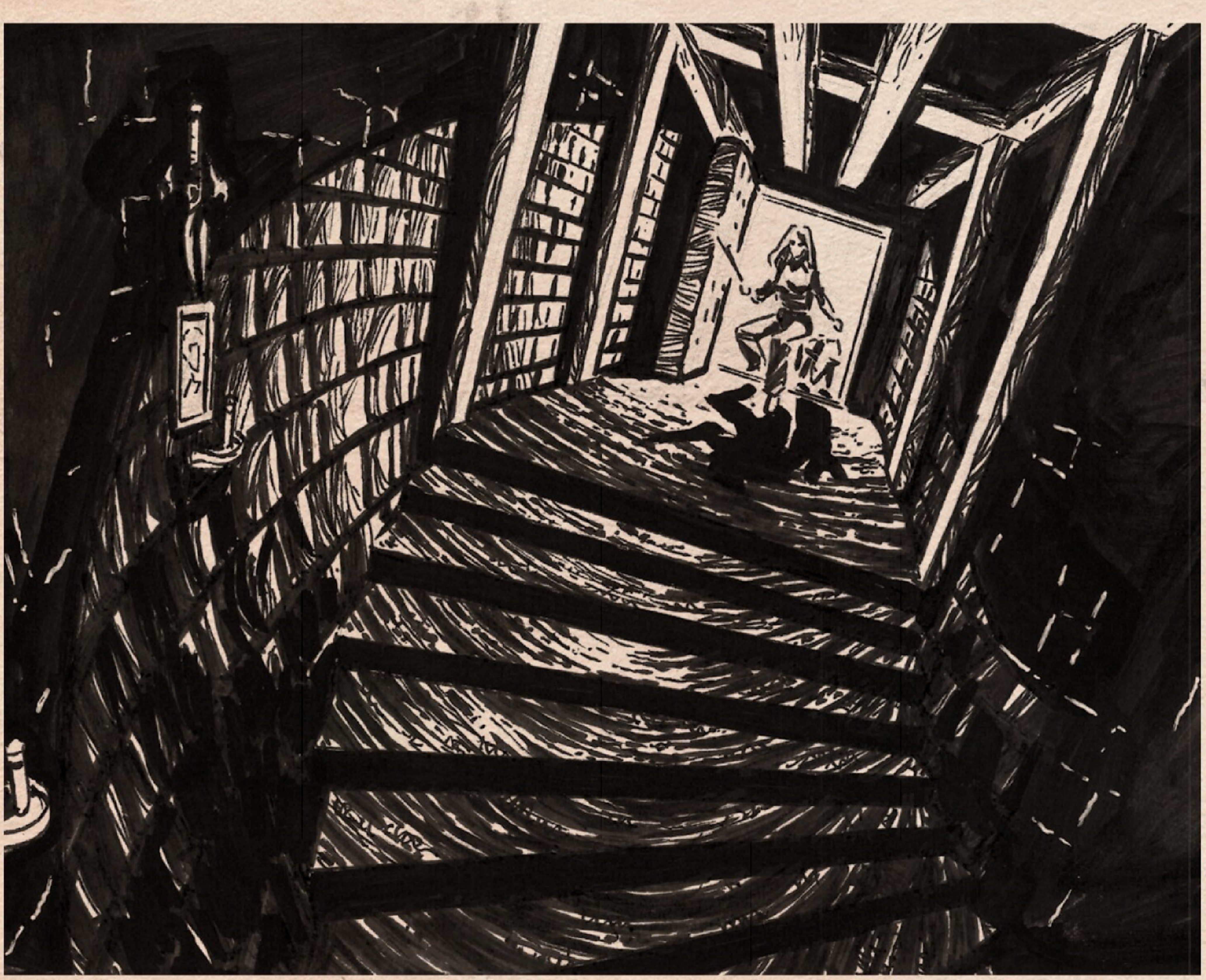


Illustration by Dalibor Talajić

Black Tape #1
variant by
Mike Deodato Jr.
& Lee Loughridge

Black Tape #2
variant by
Joe Quesada &
Dan Panosian

Simonson 8.18.22
Panosian

Black Tape #2
variant by
Walter Simonson
& Dan Panosian

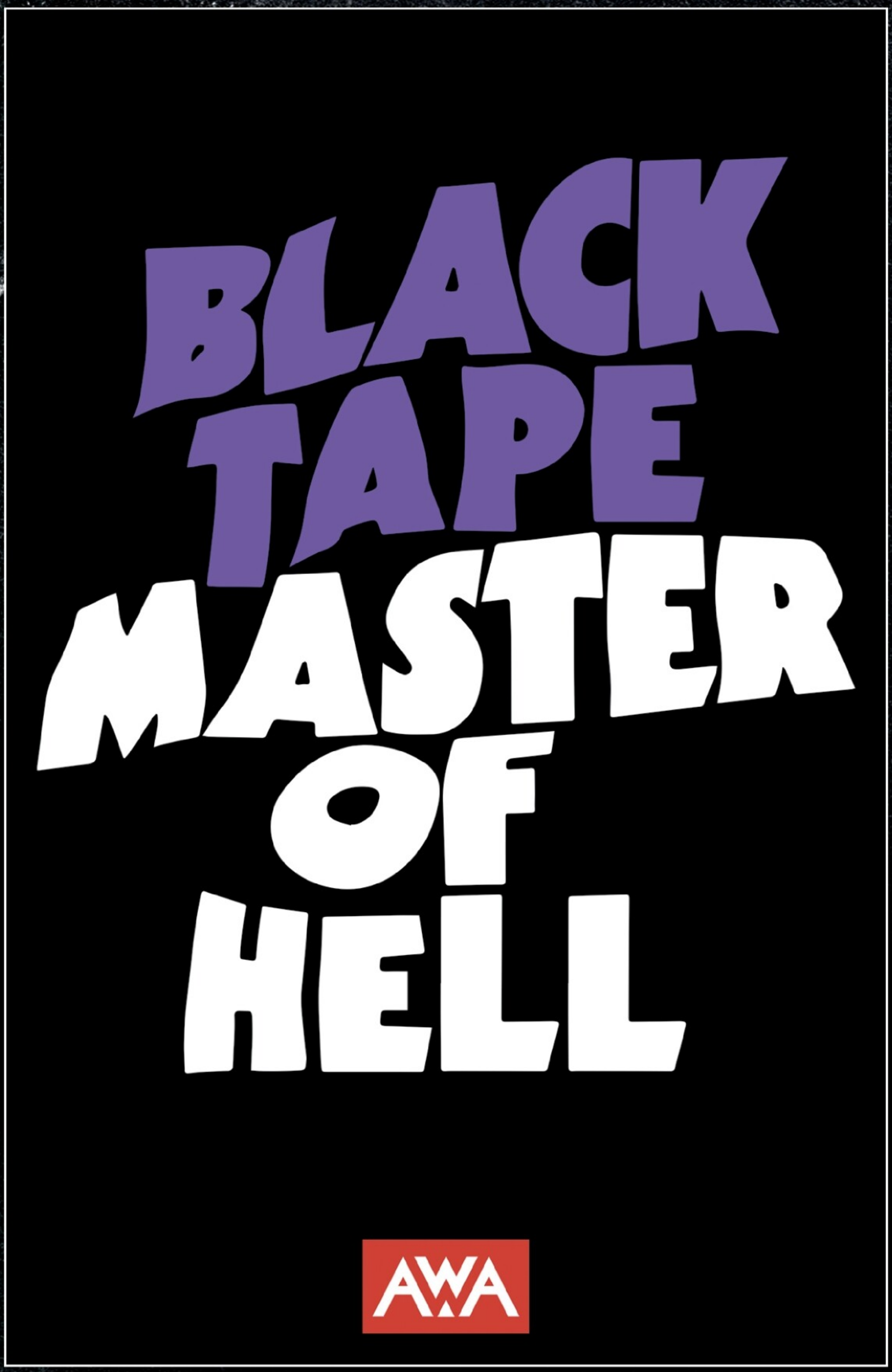
Black Tape #3
variant by
Dave Johnson

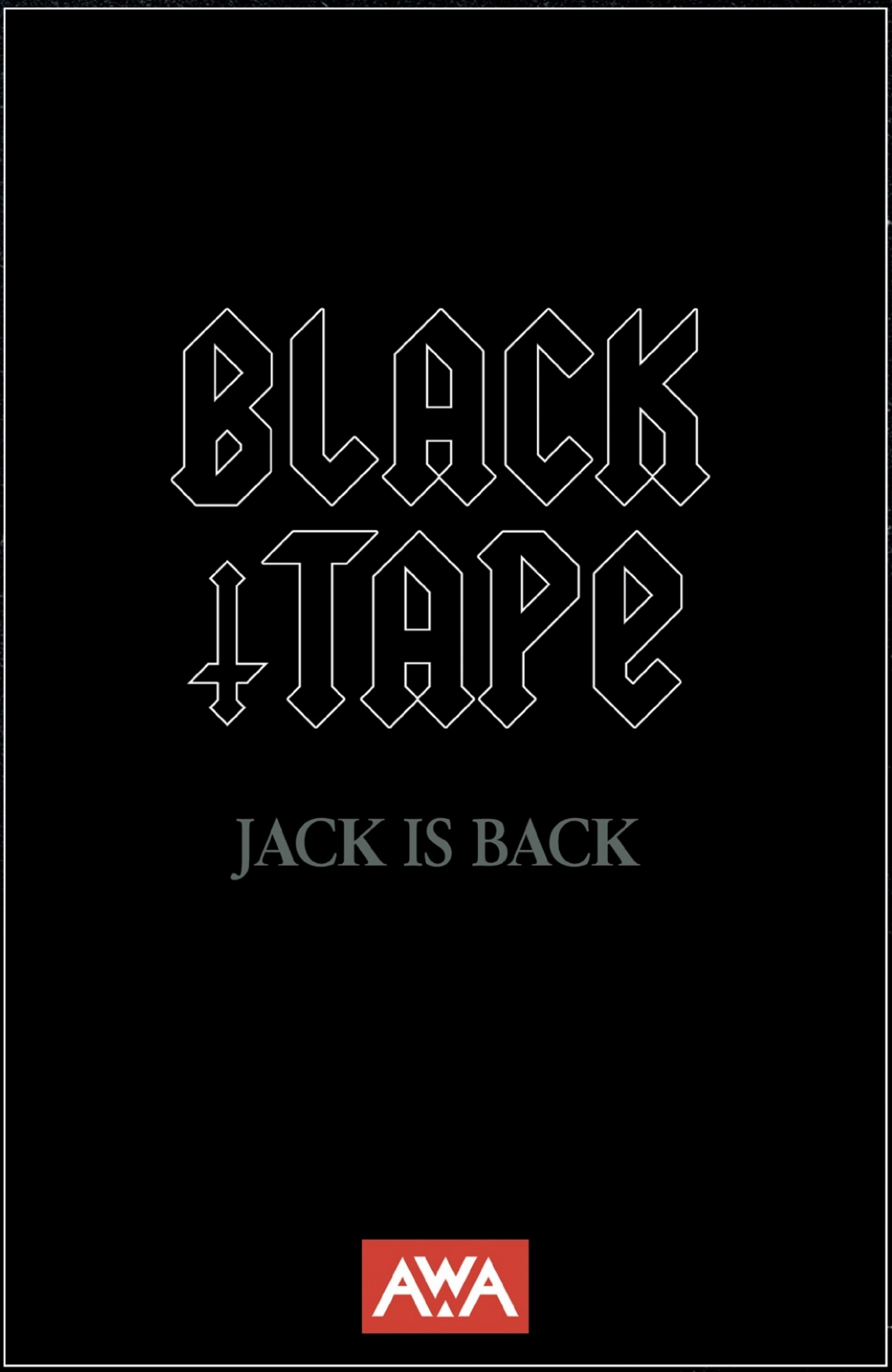
BLACK
TAPE
JOHNSON

Black Tape #4
variant by
Cary Nord

Gibson
#1
TAPE
compact speaker
ON☐ OFF☐
MONO
SUPERIOR SOUND QUALITY
CE
camnord
2022
666

***Black Tape* heavy metal homage variant covers by Chris Ferguson**

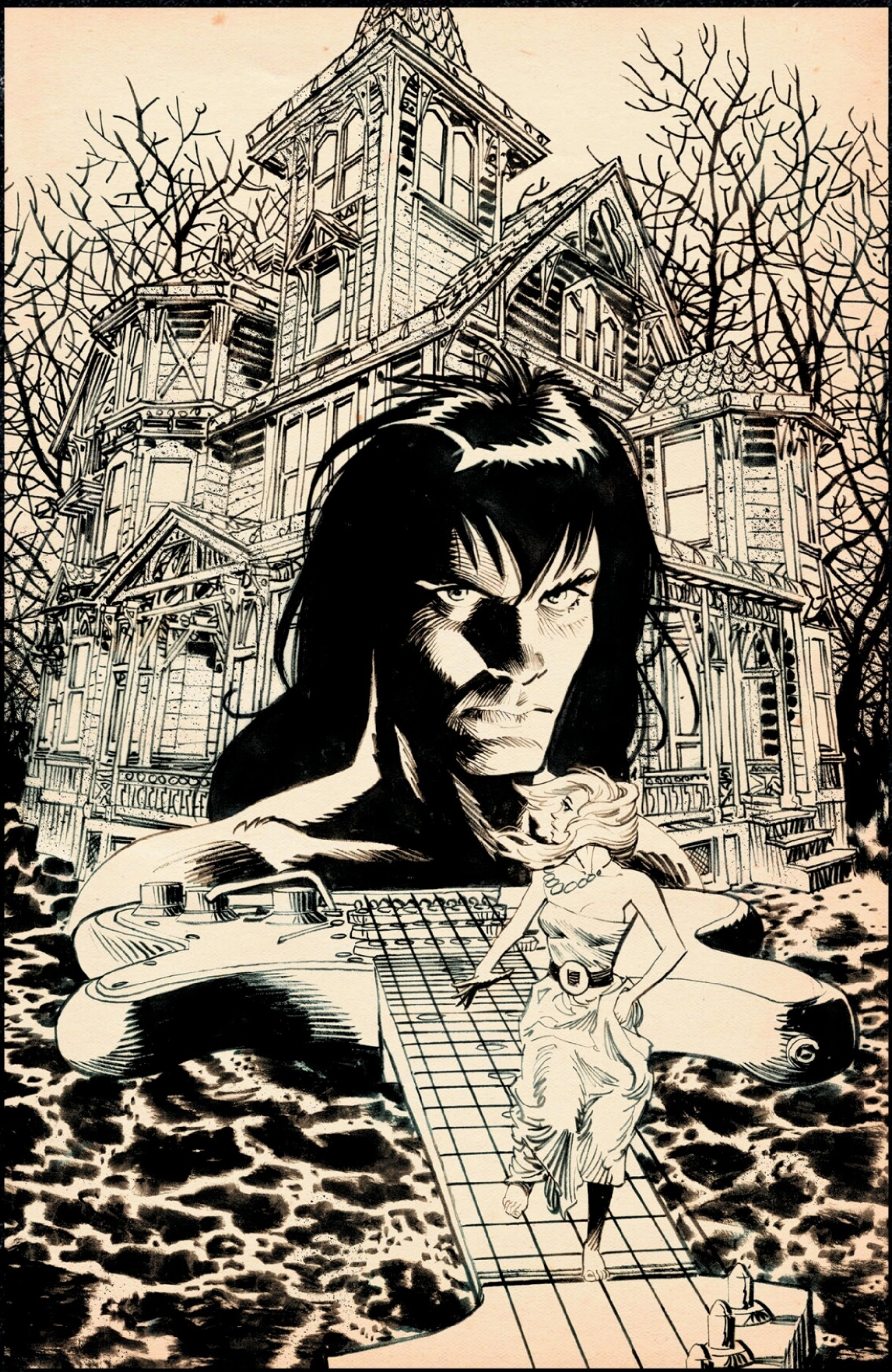

BLACK TAPE
MASTER OF HELL
AWA

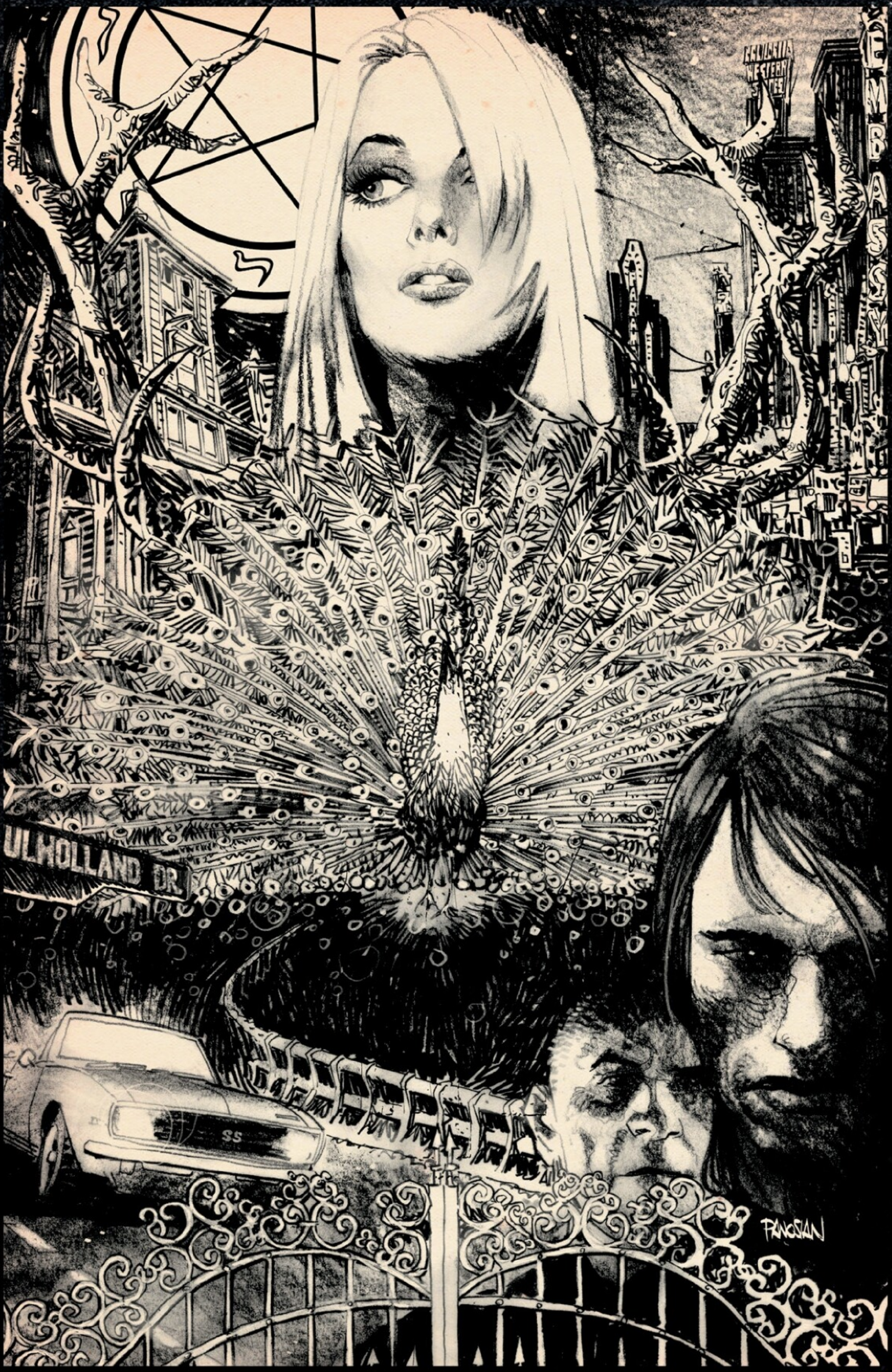

BLACK TAPE
JACK IS BACK
AWA

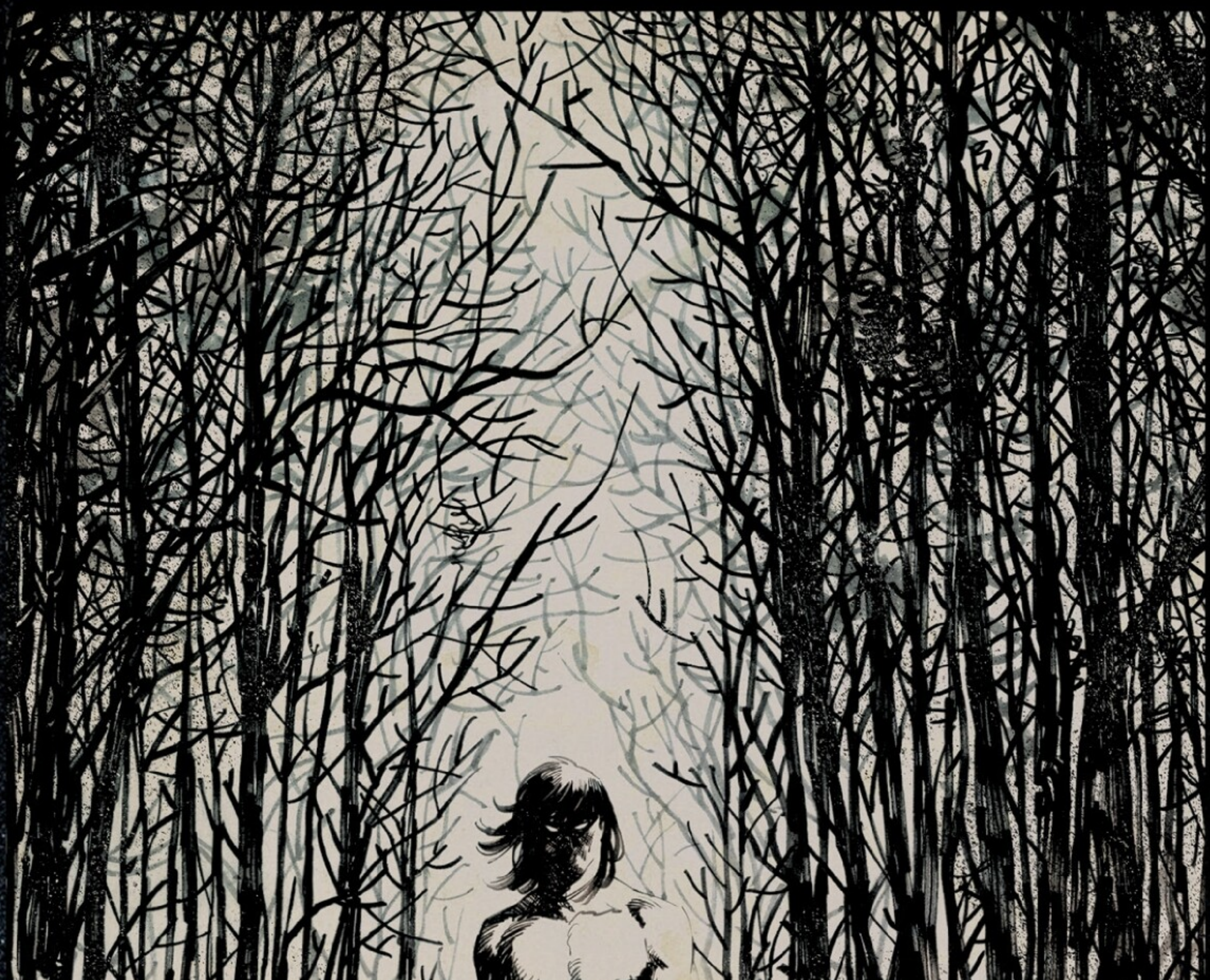
blacktäpe
AWA

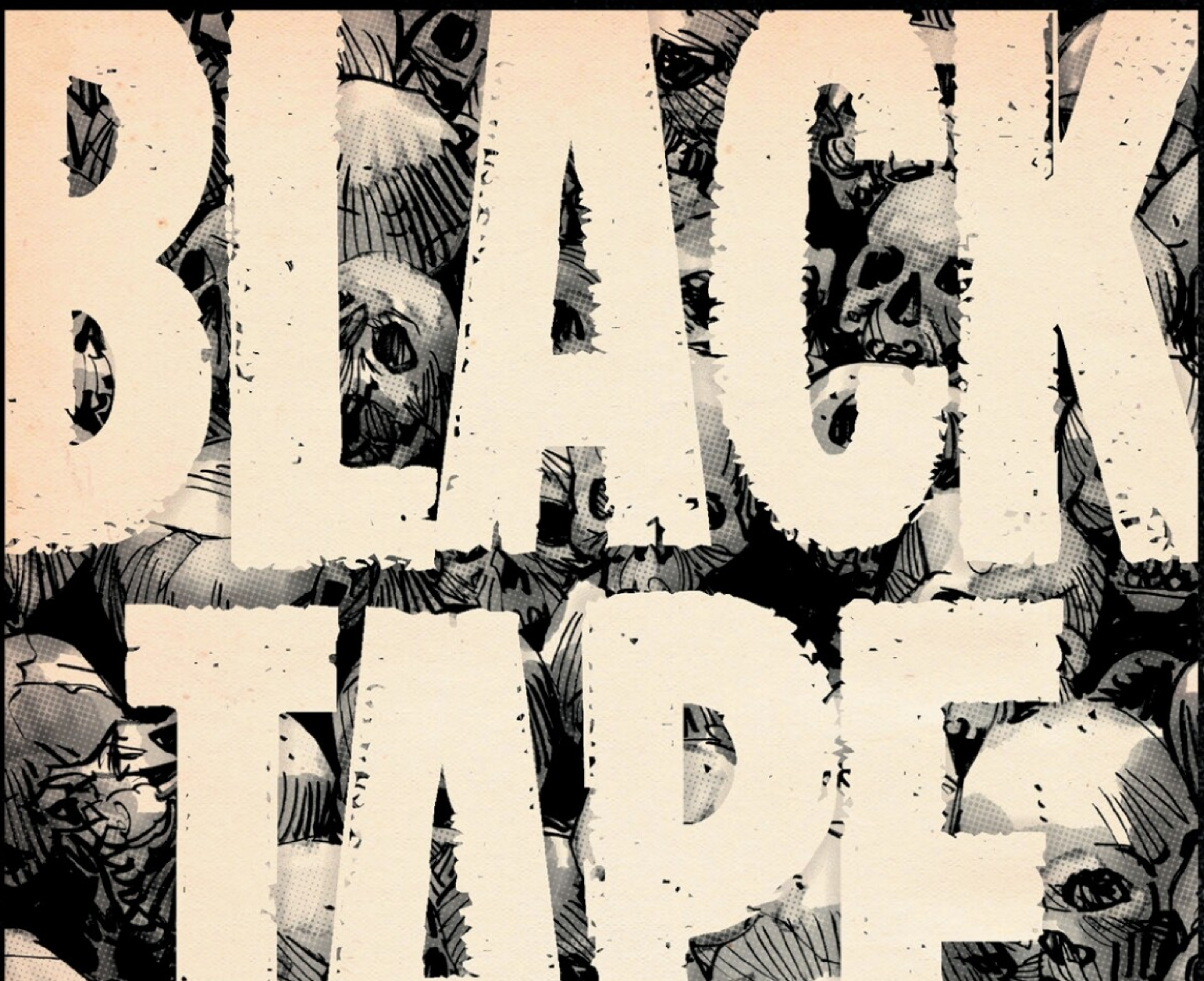
BLÄCK TÄPE
SING WITH THE DEVIL
AWA

Black Tape **black & white variant covers by Dan Panosian**



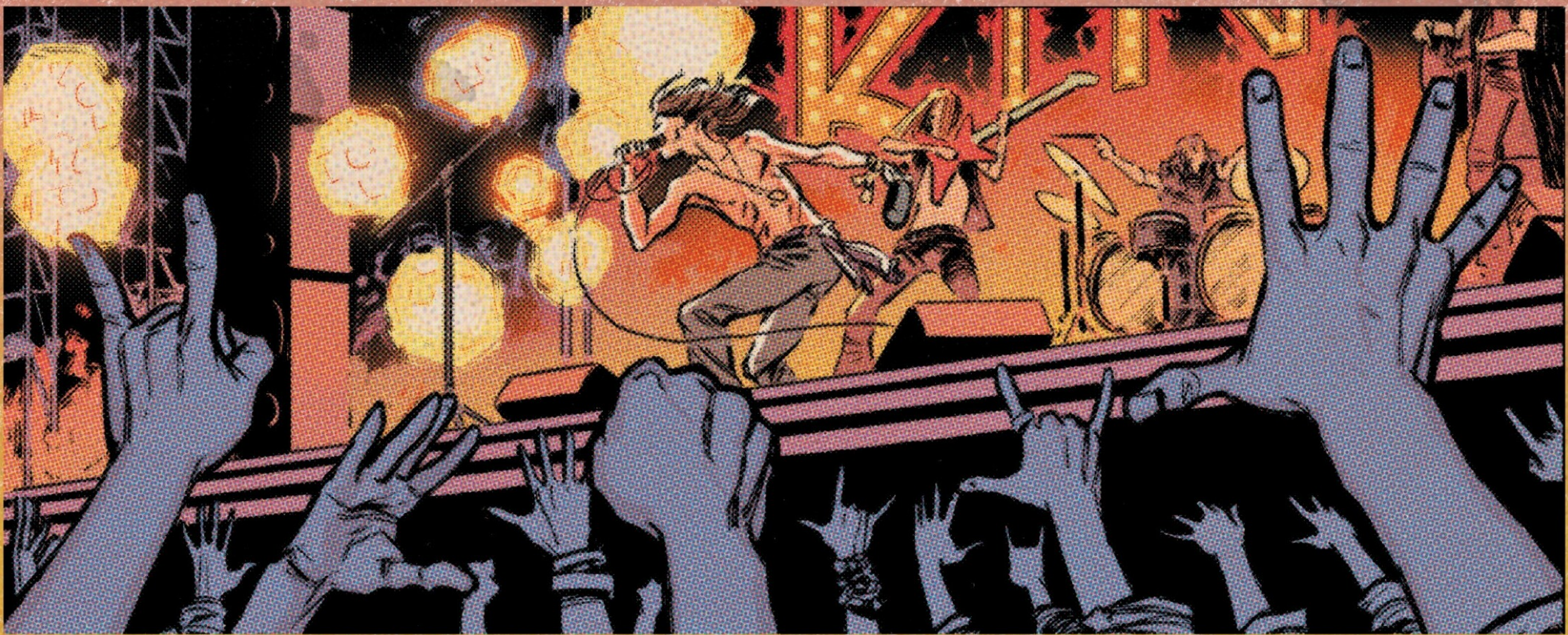

ULHOLLAND DR.
SS
PANOSIAN





AWA STUDIOS PRESENTS

BLACK TAPE



DAN PANOSIAN
DALIBOR TALAJIĆ

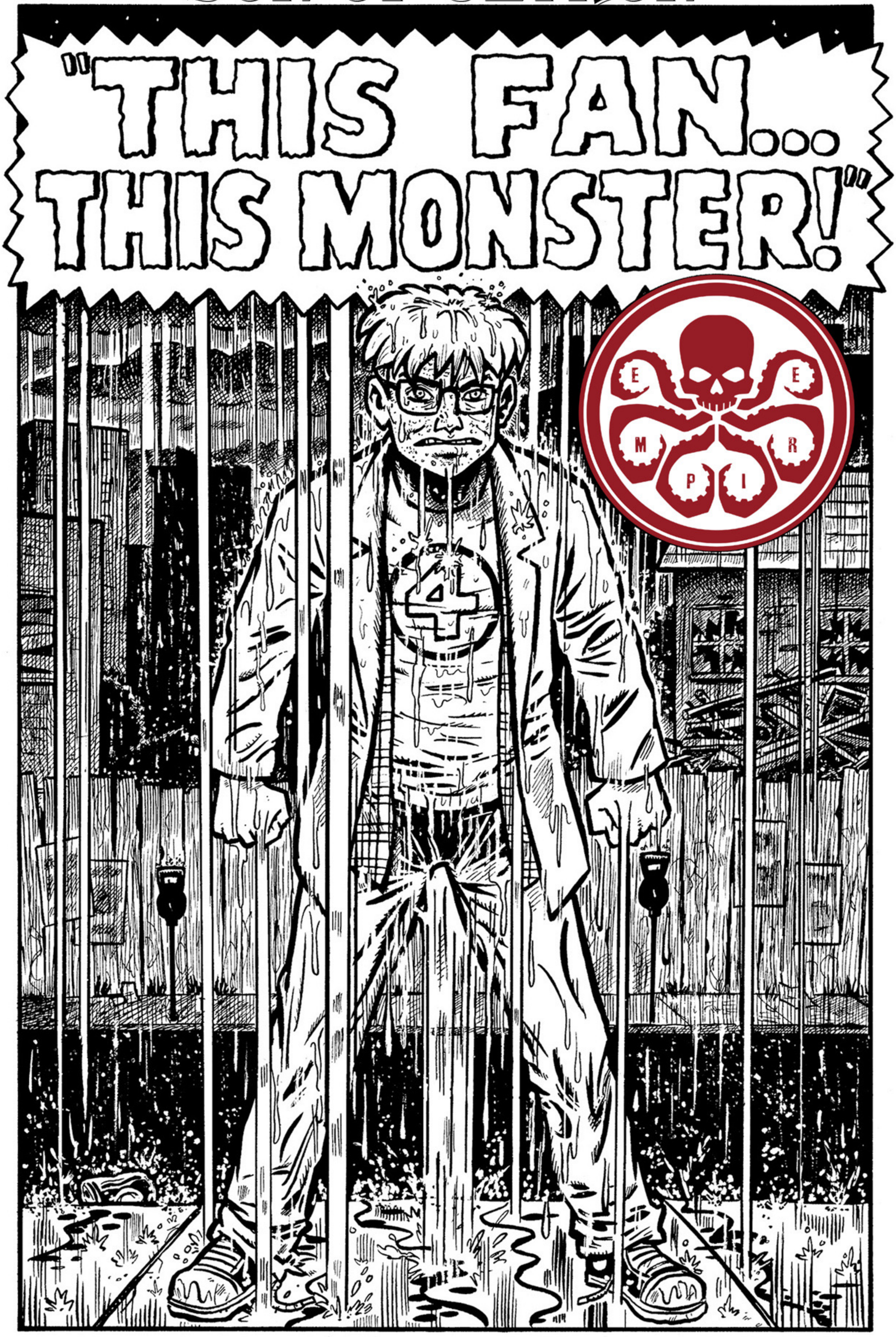
IVE SVORCINA   STEVE WANDS

COVERS BY

Dan Panosian   Mike Deodato Jr. & Lee Loughridge
Walter Simonson   Joe Quesada   Dave Johnson
Cary Nord and Chris Ferguson

LAUREL CANYON, LOS ANGELES
JULY 21 - 1973

SON OF ULTRON


"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"

EMPIRE